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THE FALLS OF THE SNOQUALMIE.

BY FAY FULLER.

Snoqualmie Falls are situated forty miles from Seattle, the Queen City of Washington. They are approached by the Lake Shore & Eastern Railroad, and constitute one of the principal points of scenic interest in the State, and even in the Northwest. Their somewhat obscure location in an undeveloped portion of a new region gives ample verification of the poet Leighton's line,

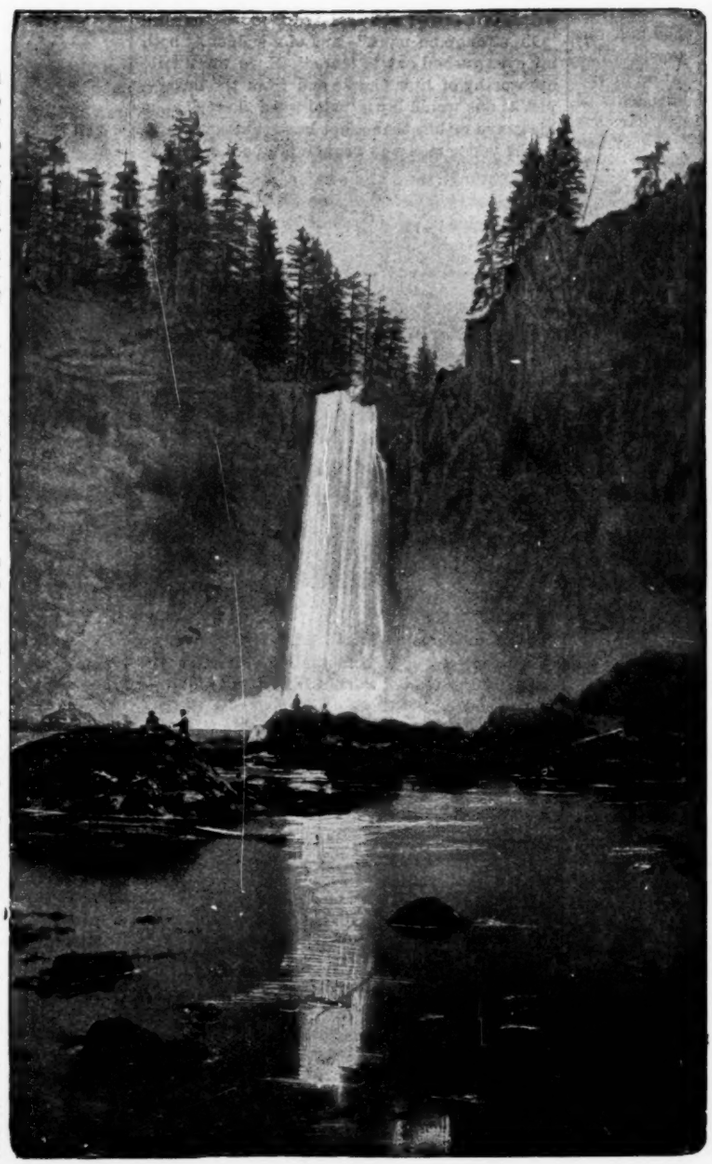
"Go where you will, and beauty follows too."

For here in the midst of a wilderness of half-grown fir trees, where no color but intense green enters the scene the whole year round, the monotony of the surroundings is suddenly disturbed by a tumultuous fall of water known as Snoqualmie.

A river of like name begins life in the glaciers of Mount Si, one of the front rank peaks of the solid battle line of the giant Cascades. Peacefully and contentedly, yet with an occasional stir of harmless activity, this clear and shallow green river flows onward for several miles, apparently innocent of its own approaching tragedy. A few feet above the falls it plays around a group of stones, flashing now and then a spray of white as flint occasionally gives evidence of pent up fire. The seeming mirth of rock and stream recall Browning's "Old Brown Earth," who

—"sets his bones
To bask i' the sun, and thrusts out knees and feet
For the ripple to run over in its mirth
Listening the while, where on the heap of stones
The white breast of the sea-lark twitters sweet."

A dull boulder audaciously obstructs the stream's happy course, perhaps to warn it of the peril which lies beyond. Heedless the river flows on, and dividing, encompasses the stony obstacle. Immediately the crisis is at hand and with one bold leap the stream becomes a cataract, falling over the precipice nearly three hundred feet into a gloomy chasm. It leaps—it aches! Do streams, like "hearts, after leaps, ache?"



FALLS OF THE SNOQUALMIE, WASHINGTON.

A moment ago the water was wont to go warbling so softly and well, and now its serenity has been interrupted; it is no longer a river but a boundless, turbulent and never-ceasing overflow; a liquid avalanche, a tragedy of water.

Were it not for the ugly rock that darkly protrudes itself at the top of the fall, much of the graceful movement, resulting from the division of the stream, would be lost. From below it falls the wavy white spray, and in fancy an unseen mermaid sits upon the rock, her long sea-hair blown outward to the sun.

The entire fall, as seen from above and opposite, does not drop directly but rather assumes a graceful curve as it glides continously through the air, downward yet onward, like some huge gull that delays and yet delays his descent to earth. An equally attractive view of the waterfall is seen from the bottom of the chasm, which is reached by descending a long flight of steps, nearly three hundred in number. At the foot of the cliff in the lower river, large logs which have been precipitated over the abrupt declivity are often seen tossing about in their wrath.

The chief characteristics of Snoqualmie Falls are color, grace and volume. The water is a study in color, as beautiful and subdued in tone as a marine pastel. The river itself is a dark, cool green, but as it curves over the precipice the volume of water changes to a pure aqua marine tint. This fresh contrasting color is soon lost as the fall breaks forth into joyous foam, undefined and unconstrained. Changing again, its snowy substance turns to pearly

smoke, and moving, groups itself into hundreds of graceful points which resemble the last triumphant shoots of sky-rockets, that inverted, point below to their own fate. The fairy pinions form ever and again, and as one waits expectantly for them to burst, they are lost in mist and spray, which rise as incense from the boiling cauldron where the river has been poured. These graceful formations give a feathery and floating appearance to the fall, and comprise its most beautiful feature. On a cloudy or rainy day snow white and sea green are the distinctive shades, softened by tints of pearl. A faint heliotrope rose hue enters, having no more definite location than the first dim hint of sunrise color that mysteriously steals into the gray of dawn. When the sun is out it plays all day with kaleidoscope brilliancy about the water, implanting in the spray a perfect rainbow, which rises higher and higher as the great golden charioteer draws darkness into light.

To a person devoid of the sense of hearing, a gigantic waterfall must seem as tame as its painting in oils, for in sound is its volume and force given full utterance. It is one of the grand orchestral climaxes of nature's music, whose sounds range from the first faint, sweet note of the spring time song-bird and the soft undulating vibration of the running stream, to the majestic melody of the mountain's thunderous avalanches and the distant artillery of the opposing clouds. The noise of a fall holds as distinct a position in the world of sound as do the separate instruments of an orchestra that blend together in an harmonious whole. Analytically, however, the sounds of this mass of falling water are two-fold, and, strangely enough, their different sources are discoverable. From where the river dashes tumultuously to the foot of the precipice, comes the thunderous tone of distant cannon, deep, melodious and mighty. The continued thud falls upon the ear like a rich musical chord from a base viol. Outside, the softer, yet more searching sound of the foamy spray arises, resembling, at a distance, the moans of forests sighing for sunshine and their lost birds. Together the two sounds comprise the one distinct noise of a great fall. Either alone could not compose its music which, like the tones of an organ, is two-fold in its melody.

While standing on a little piazza slightly overhanging the canyon, it is impossible to avert the eyes from the magnetic sight. The beauty, volume and grace of the Falls of the Snoqualmie fascinate and electrify until, like a "long draught of soul wine," they enter the spirit, bringing satisfaction and perfect rest. The fall is emblematic of eternity, for as long as sun shines and rain falls, the ceaseless activity of this masterpiece of nature must go on forever and forever.

The eye is turned away, and beyond and below lies a clear, shallow, green river, slowly winding its tranquil way through miles of forest to a homeless sea.

MAMMOTH CLAMS.—An old settler writes thus to the *Olympian-Tribune* relative to the Olympia clams. "These mammoth clams, that live only in deep water and are only obtainable at the lowest tides, have a large, round opening at one end of the shell, through which they expand themselves, and I have seen them draw out through this opening, each one reaching the full diameter of an ordinary wash tub; and as to the 'steaks' that may be cut from the neck of one big clam, dipped in egg and crumbs and fried, they would make a delicious breakfast for a family of four or five, equal to chicken's breast so served. In fact these clams used to be called Puget Sound chickens. We have not so many Indians hereabouts in these days to gather the big clams and bring them to our doors, but probably in the neighborhood of Butler's Cove they may still be found at lowest tide."



Lee Fairchild, Poet and Journalist.

One of the saddest things connected with the death of a famous man is the invisible flood of bad poetry which is poured promiscuously upon his bier. When Tennyson died, after our first grief for the poet, second only to Shakespeare, we who had loved him deeply held our peace and waited, and soon—very soon—the poetry came. None were above it—and it was all so forced, so hackneyed, so metallic, so ambitious; there was in it all such effort to do justice to themselves, instead of to Tennyson. But one day I came upon two simple stanzas written by Lee Fairchild, of Seattle; and as I read, my heart said, "Oh, strange no more"—and of a sudden, "both my eyes gushed out in tears." Here was a tribute worthy of him, simple and from the heart—just as one would lay a "wild weed flower" upon his grave rather than a hot house blossom.

The young man who wrote it is a poet, a humorist, an universalist minister, an editor and a politician—a queer combination? He was on the editorial staff of the old *West Shore*, and later owned and edited the *Pacific Magazine*, Seattle, making of it, during its brief career, a bright illustrated monthly of good literary standing. Seldom is it that Mr. Fairchild writes as simple and clear a poem as the one on Tennyson. On the contrary, his moods are usually mysterious and unfathomable, and "he that runs" may not read his real meaning which is often hidden behind a beautiful, but deceptive surface. He has been called a pessimist, but in reality he is one of the sunniest of optimists. He paints dark pictures only, that the gold gleams of faith which are always therein if you but know how to find them, may seem the brighter. One who has stood on an old pier and watched the yellow flashes of sunlight beneath the black, mysterious surface of the water, under the pier, will know what I mean.



Mr. Fairchild is an entertaining lecturer, and a great favorite in society. His "Transition," a poem descriptive of a young girl swimming, attracted much criticism, both favorable and adverse, and is a beautiful thing. The following quatrain from his pen appeared recently in *Youth's Companion*:

"The aftermath of pain
Is sweet as the remembrance of a friend;
The paths of pain in fields of pleasure end,—
The sun shines after rain."

ELLA HIGGINSON.

New Whatcom, Wash.

The first and second of the poems here given as examples of Mr. Fairchild's genius have never before appeared in print.

A PROPOSAL.

Herald.

Now in whose orchard have you been?
Your lips are stained with cherries, so
You have been stealing fruit, I know,
And stealing is a sin.

Your conscience will your beauty mar:
The garden's thief you I declare,
For in your cheeks red roses are,—
Hold up your hand and swear.

Fannie.

I swear with lips that are not stained,
That never would another's crush:
Young Innocence you have arraigned
And made a maiden blush.

Herald.

Still, lips that are not stained, yet red
As any cherry in the sun,
Should be to other lips, 'tis said,
Nor was it said in fun.

Fannie.

I do not understand you, sir,
Your pretty speech is riddled so;
And yet it makes my pulses stir
Its meaning not to know.

I'm little schooled in anything,
My a-b-c's in nothing know;
Who taught the wild bird how to sing?
The mountain winds to blow?

Herald.

For sixteen summers you have seen
The nestling swallows come and go,
And wandering through the meadows green
The silver streamlets flow.

Beneath the shadow of yon grove
Warm with the sun, cool with the dew,
My hands would build a nest for love
Were you a swallow, too.

Fannie.

Were I a swallow? What a thought!
All time were then a holiday;
Were I a swallow, and so sought,
Why, I would fly away.

That is a pretty grove, and there
A robin's nest I oft have seen:
Were I a robin, I declare,
I might see what you mean.

BEYOND THE WOOD.

Is this old world in nothing what it seems?
Are we the more asleep the more we wake?
Are our day-thoughts wrought but remembered dreams?
Was man bid love but that his heart might break?

To ask hard questions 'tis an easy task:
A parrot might perform it very well
Were it but taught, nor more nor less, to ask
Can any one poor Polly's life foretell?

But this we know: that life, if pure, is sweet;
That in this too-bad world there's something good—
A prophecy of life still more complete
Beyond the too-steep hills, beyond the wood.

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

Is marriage a failure? I fancy if so
It beats a success any bachelors know.

What 'tis to be married unknown is to me
I have a good notion to try it and see.

My sweetheart's so sanguine she ventures the guess
Our failing together would be a success.

I've nothing to lose, and I blush as I own
That I am a failure when taken alone.

TENNYSON.

Dear poet of the larger hope
And prophet of the better day,
Less dark the world through which we grope
Since thy star shone upon its way.

Gentle in love, in purpose strong,
Thou bids't the world be brave and free,
Inspiring it with helpful song—
Thou wept for us: we weep for thee.

AT THE FOOT OF MT. TACOMA.

On the first day of June last, in company with my friend Lee Cronkhite, I left Tacoma for a visit to the mines and the head-waters of the Nisqually River. At Lake Park we took the Eatonville stage across the Spanaway Prairie. When about ten miles out we passed the trees that form the "Right Angle," There are nine trees in all and they are of a uniform size and height, and form a perfect right angle, the two rows being straight and the space between the trees being uniformly eight feet. They are about two hundred feet high and two feet thick at the base, and the odd one forms the corner. They are probably a hundred years old, are forest firs, and though the land near by is now unsettled and wild, it is believed that some campers in early days dropped the seeds which now cause so many to wonder.

We arrived at Eatonville for supper and the ride of twenty-six miles in the stage sharpened our appetites and prepared us for the bountiful spread that our friend Groe and his wife had waiting. The air around Eatonville is pure and bracing, and Frank's dining room, neat and tidy, with its well-filled table, was satisfaction enough. The next day we visited the mining claims on the Ohop and Mashel, where in 1891-2 I carried a pack with the other boys. The quartz, while of a low grade, is very pretty and free—assaying all the way from two to fifty-two dollars. There are no shafts lower than thirty or forty feet, but the leads are wide and true. The Beaver Creek mine is forty feet wide as shown by a cut at right angles. The Jessie Harper mine shows very pretty quartz and a perfect vein, while the Golden Treasure on the Ohop seems to be a veritable mountain of ore and assays about twelve dollars. The Hart Railroad will probably be constructed this year into the camp and on through the Succotash Valley to the Springs, tapping the immense coal veins on the hills that line the valley.

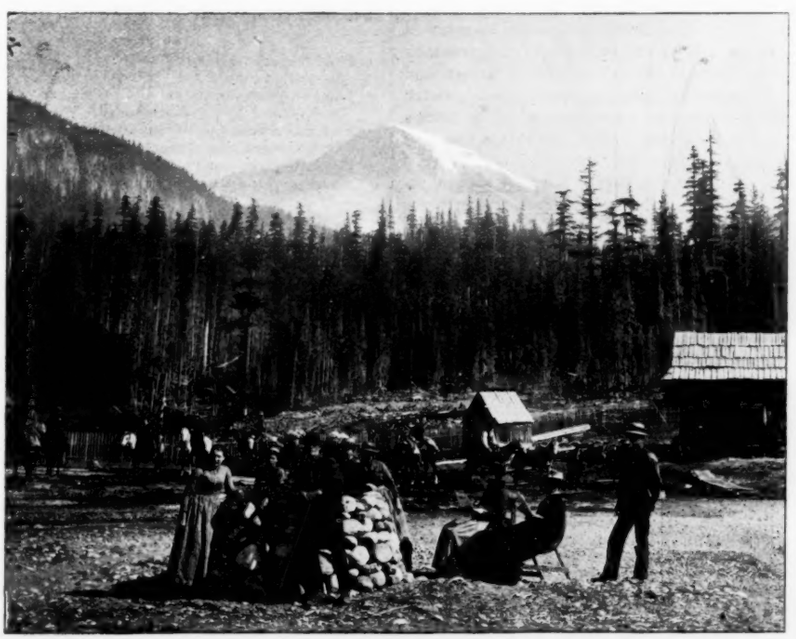
On the 4th inst. we arrived at Elbe, a small village on the Nisqually River, at the junction of the Round Top and Succotash valleys. Fifteen miles off to the South are the Contact mines, where two years ago Davis and Evans made their lucky galena find. Four miles from Elbe is Round Top Lake, the home of speckled trout, where the most unlucky fisherman may go with confidence. The lake is full of trout, and they will bite anything and at any time. The lake is very pretty; it is about three miles wide by four long, with high banks covered with heavy fir and cedar. About nine miles up the valley, we stopped for the night with Walter Ashford, and found a splendid supper and a cozy bed.

If any of your friends have the dyspepsia, send them on a journey to Longmire Springs. Good water and the country's fairest climate will do the rest. Prof. O. D. Allen's pleasant home is situated two miles above here, and is the last habitation on the trail. We left the stage at Mr. Ashford's and from there we began to wear out shoe-leather. On our way we passed the Mt. Tum Tum and Saw Teeth ranges. The Saw Teeth consists of four peaks, with an average altitude of about five thousand feet. In each valley between the points is a lake, two of which cover an area of about four hundred acres, and are very pretty, being surrounded by heavy forests and free from weeds and refuse. In the surrounding forests and on the plateaus will be found the deer, bear and mountain goat, while the lakes contain plenty of speckled trout. We crossed the Rainier Fork on a log, and that afternoon came upon James Longmire and his crew of men, engaged in finishing the wagon trail from Eatonville to the Springs. By the time this article is published, the road will be completed and stages running for the accomodation of tourists who desire to visit the Springs and valley. Mr. L. is seventy years old, but is lithe and nimble and cheerfully accompanied us to the Springs. We passed Goat Mountain on our left, and fourteen miles above Ashford's and thirty-five from Eatonville, we entered an open valley nearly surrounded by lofty mountains, all more or less wooded, while some are covered with perpetual snow and ice. What a glorious sight meets our vision, as we look northward! We raise our eyes, then lift them again. We are standing at the foot of Mt. Tacoma. Towering nearly fifteen thousand feet above the city which bears its name, stands this mighty monument of earth. From the city, seventy miles away, it is beautiful. From this valley pen cannot portray its magnificence. The splendors of the great rocky ledges that crown the hill high up on our left are forgotten. The giant firs that curtain the Tu Tush Range with green have passed from thought. The Nisqually goes tearing down the canon, but we do not hear it; for a few moments we hear nothing and see only the mighty ball of snow that seems to grow on the forest trees and baffle the scorching sun. We meditate and wonder.

The valley covers an area of about one hundred acres, and ten years ago Mr. Longmire constructed cabins and took his family there to live. They are a happy group, and the traveler always finds a cheerful welcome. Near one of the cabins is a spring from which a glass was filled with as pure soda-water as ever issued from a fountain. The spring bears the name it so much deserves, the "Soda Spring." It is about thirty inches wide and five feet deep. About forty feet south is a spring of warm water, having a temperature of about eighty degrees. It is perhaps three feet wide with a depth about the same as the soda springs. The water is very clear. Some twenty feet south of this is the "Deer Spring," so called because the deer coming into the valley will drink from no other. The water is cold, pure and sparkling. Some forty feet further south is the Gas Spring. This is about the same size as



CAMPING IN PARADISE VALLEY, MOUNT TACOMA.



A MOUNT TACOMA EXPLORING PARTY AT LONGMIRE SPRINGS.

the Soda but differs from all the others in this, it tastes very strongly of gas, and at times the smell of gas is too strong for endurance. So, within a radius of one hundred feet we have a spring of pure soda, one of pure hot water, one of cold water and one of gas. About one hundred feet to the west is a bath house with several bath tubs, constructed for the use of tourists who find opportunity to venture so far into the mountains There are two of these tubs, eighteen inches apart, one furnishing cold and the other hot water, the difference in temperature being natural.

Everything is neatly and nicely arranged, and a better resort could not easily be found. The soil around the springs and nearly all over the valley is of a clay substance and baked hard, forming a crust. A spring can be found at any place by cutting a hole through this crust or soil. Near the north side of the valley are two mineral springs about ten feet apart, each about six feet deep by four wide. The water is clear as crystal, but is very strong with iron and believed to be very healthful. They are called the Iron Sisters. About forty feet from the Iron Sisters is a large spring that sends out about a five-inch stream of fine red paint, which is very soft and contains no grit. Mr. Longmire believes them to be very valuable, and I believe his opinion is well-founded. About sixty rods south and near the southwest side of the valley is the "Lone Star," and perhaps six or eight rods towards the center can be seen the Twins. These last three springs taste very strongly of mineral and are very cold.

Passing backward toward the north side, we come upon two heavy springs of pure cold water. The streams contain about two cubical feet of water which flow rapidly for a distance of about fifty feet and then disappear in the earth and are seen no more. They are called the "Two Fools." Near the bath house is a family spring which has four fountains of pure but warm water. About two hundred feet northwest of the soda springs and perhaps one hundred from the bath house the ground is soft and a trifle swampy, and in the center of this swamp is a formation or upheaval of melted matter which might be the result of some ancient geyser, but it has the appearance of volcanic matter—specimens of which I have already sent you. This is called the Geyser Island, about forty feet long by thirty wide and fifteen high. Next Mr. Longmire pointed to a finger-board on which was the following: "☞ To Paradise."

The trail indicated is up a mountain side and the journey is rather tiresome. Three miles from the springs and one-quarter mile from the trail is the great Nisqually Glacier, which has its origin in Mt. Tacoma. It is about ten miles long and at its source over a mile wide. Descending it gradually grows narrow, being pinched by the mountains until at its mouth it is only five hundred feet wide. Near the trail it forms the Nisqually River, the most treacherous stream in the Cascade Mountains. The Cowlitz Glacier heads at the same point as the Nisqually and flows to the south. We are now on an elevation of five thousand feet. In the rear we see the famous Tu Tush Range, with its many peaks, cliffs of snow and forests. Eagle Peak towers high above while Mt. Tacoma is visiting in the sky. The scene is beautiful and is alone sufficient compensation for the journey.

Two miles further on we emerge upon a hill eight thousand feet above the city and look down upon the Valley of Paradise. In a general way the name describes the valley. For twelve or fifteen miles and far beyond the Cowlitz the valley is open. The south side is rather abrupt, while on the north for thousands of feet the ascent is gradual. The sun shines but little on the south side of the valley, leaving it covered with perpetual snow, while on the north side flowers of a hundred varieties grow in profusion. I am indebted to Prof. O. D. Allen for a botanical analysis of sixty-one different kinds of these plants, but life is too short to record the names.

All around are little brooks of crystal water, while here and there a giant fir or cedar towers high above. Here, too, Mt. Tacoma lends its charms and the visitor is again in ecstasies. The climate is delightful, and you can pluck flowers and watch your companions sleighing on the south. The gentle slope of the mountains is occasionally broken by rocky ledges, plateaus and forests, thereby contributing to the splendor of the scene. Pheasants, squirrels, deer, bear, elk and goat abound in the forests and surrounding plateaus, offering fine sport for the hunter.

I would suggest that tourists intending to visit Paradise Valley choose August as the time.

My time being limited, I reluctantly suggested our return, and with our thoughts dwelling upon the garden in the clouds, we turned our steps homeward, fully believing that we had seen earth's fairest land. L. S. THOMAS.

A LONELY GRAVE AT LAPWAI.

"I visited the old mission and Indian burial ground," writes a recent visitor to the Lapwai Mission in Idaho, "and bared my head by the graves of Spaulding and Monteith. The following taken from one of the headstones speaks volumes concerning the consecration of the early missionaries on this coast:"

REV. HENRY HARMON SPAULDING.
Born at Bath, N. Y.,
Nov. 26, 1803.
Commenced the Nez Perces Mission in 1836.
Died among his people at
Lapwai, I. T., August 3, 1874,
Aged 70 yrs. 8 mos. 7 dys.

The pen of the historian has hardly done relative justice to the memory of this remarkable soldier of the cross, whose ashes repose beneath the sod at the quiet old mission. The thrill, the dash, the romance of Whitman's ride have diverted the public mind from the achievements of his associate and co-worker. Yet surrounding the youthful sacrifice of Rev. Spaulding there were some circumstances that made his missionary efforts more simply heroic than those of the lamented Whitman.

Spaulding and his bride had set their faces toward the broad Savannas of the West before the youthful Whitman started upon his remarkable wedding journey. The former had chosen as his field of missionary labors the country of the Osages. Whitman ran after him, overtook his novel conveyance of combination sleigh and prairie schooner, and importuned him to go with himself and bride to the solitudes of the ultima thule of the Oregon. Mrs. Spaulding was still weak and emaciated from the effects of a severe illness, but the resolute young couple sought inspiration from their Master, and ten minutes later the heroic young wife, with radiant face and eyes filled with holy zeal and hope, said, "I have made up my mind for Oregon." And to Oregon they came, blazing the trail through the wilderness and the desert, the trail that Fremont followed six years later and claimed for himself the fustian title of the "Pathfinder." Upon the very summit of the continent Mrs. Spaulding fainted from exhaustion, but a cup of water dipfrom the tiny stream flowing to the Pacific restored her to consciousness. There was magic, it seems, in the very waters that went rippling to the mighty Oregon.

The civilization thus faintly begun has yet to do full justice to the memory of these gallant men and heroic Christian women. They were the first to come in peace and love; all before them had come in conquest and trade. They brought the priceless leaven of religion and knowledge; their memories should be perpetuated and sanctified in every church and schoolhouse that sits upon the smiling slopes of the Pacific Coast.—*Spokane Review.*

"PARDS."

That other fellow'n I
A good long time ago—
I call it good and call it long
Because it seems just so;
For th' rockiness made it long
And th' rollicking made it good—
Well, 'tother fellow'n I
Were "pards," be 't understood.

—In the days of never a fence
Where the like ought not to be,
And the range was all out doors
From th' mountains 'most to th' sea;
When the boys were gone all summer
And some of us rode all year,
For winter snowed one end of th' range
When 'tother was hot and sere.

That other fellow'n I
Have drifted a deal apart
Since th' days when a house was a thing
To make us to look and start;
When grub was a part of the brand
And tents were a sometime lay—
He carries his lunch in a hamper,
The cowboy of now-a-day;

The new ones of now-a-day—
O spirit of old times gone,
Have th' old ones weakened and fallen?
You answer, "Never a one!"
Their paths may all go in a tangle
And the range be all cut down,
They'll sachez on at the same old gait
As in days of their renown.

That other fellow'n I—
Look close at the picture here,
Don't much resemble now
Though "pards" for many a year;
He's I, I'm he,—don't see it?
Well, one is a bird of the air
And 'tother is penned in a city;
Good bye, old pard; shake,—there!

L. A. OSBORNE.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT.

Midsummer Night! The Fairy Court
Throughout the slumbering world shall ride—
'Tis festal night for merry sport
By woodlands broad and waters wide.
How fair each band in grace and prime
Assembles on the moonlit lea—
Oh, would that I be there betime
The spangled pageantry to see!

Their robes so rich, their caps so gay,
Set off with nodding plume and star,
While, shaking not one dewy spray,
Rolls Mab's own royal chariot car!
To hark as eerie laughter swells
The lonesome forest-aisles along;
Or watch them dance on heather-bells
To strains of elfin minstrels' song.

The kings of earth may disappear—
We well can spare their worthless race;
Their thrones and crowns and royal gear
Will do on curious scrolls to trace,
And useful then but to remind
Of ages dark man struggled through
Ere each could stand among his kind
And say: "I am a monarch, too?"

But ah, the kings of Fairyland,
And Mab, with all her maidens gay,
Must ever o'er our minds command
A true and loving loyalty!
Fair children of the spirit brain
When in its most creative flight—
Sweethearts for whom our fancies strain,
And in communion find delight.

How much we owe thee, gentle folk,
Who draw the mind to graceful things!
When you are near we slip care's yoke
And bathe in youth renewing springs.
While wit and fancy cheer the earth
And flower its bare and dreary ways,
You'll live, as first you had your birth
In spirit longings, sportive fays!

And long, indeed, in fair, green hill,
In cranny gray and hawthorn tree,
In ring and rath and mountain rill,
And down beside the mystic sea,
May you disport in mirthful play,
And hold your revels on the green—
Long last your royal tricksy sway!
Long live the fairy king and queen!

P. S. CASSIDY

RECOLLECTIONS OF FAMOUS MEN.

THADDEUS STEVENS.

While walking on Robert Street, St. Paul, one day last month, I noticed in a tobacconist's window a pile of cigar boxes, each bearing a portrait of Thaddeus Stevens. It occurred to me that this particular brand of cigars, like the Henry Clay brand, must have originated when the man whose name they bear was in the zenith of his fame and must now be kept on the market because their trade mark has become valuable. Certainly nobody but a man old enough to be interested in public affairs during the Civil War and the Reconstruction period, would now take any interest in the stern face of Stevens on a cigar box. His once great fame is already quite faded and dim. The younger men know little or nothing of him; yet he was in one of the greatest epochs of our national history, the master of the House of Representatives—the acknowledged leader of the powerful Republican majority that carried on the war for the Union, and that afterwards gave suffrage to the negro and attempted, unwisely, as the event showed, to base State governments in the conquered South on the votes of the loyal, ignorant black majority. In my day in Washington "Old Thad. Stevens" was the man whom visitors to the House galleries always wanted to have first pointed out. He came from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and was of Anti-Slavery Whig antecedents. He won his position of leadership through his intellectual qualities and his absolute fidelity to the idea of carrying the war through to victory at any cost and when it was ended of securing its logical results in the perpetuity of the Union and the freedom and civil rights of the negroes. He was not a popular man. His caustic tongue often gave offence to his best friends. He had a great gift of satire, and was in the habit of making cutting remarks in an undertone when the proceedings did not please him, or when some one had the floor whose speech was not to his taste, and these comments were sometimes repeated so that they got around to the men most likely to take offence at them. Yet so firm was his grasp on the reins of authority and so much was he feared by men who dared not dispute his mastery, though they chafed under it, that there never was any open rebellion against him. James G. Blaine, when he first entered Congress in 1863, drew a seat next to Stevens, and having lately come from an editor's desk, his newspaper instincts led him to jot down in a memorandum book from day to day the peculiarly witty and cutting sarcasm which the old man uttered in his grumbling monotone. Blaine then thought he might use this material at some future day, but he never did. I meant to have asked Blaine, when I saw him in the winter of 1892, what he had done with that memorandum book, but there was so much to talk about that it slipped my mind.

Thaddeus Stevens was a man of medium height, lame from birth with a club foot, and in the days of his greatest power quite bald, but concealing his baldness under a bushy brown wig, the youthful luster of which was quite out of keeping with his pale and wrinkled face. He was a bachelor and lived a lonely life in a little brick house on Capitol Hill, attended by a faithful colored woman. He had a moderate private fortune, gained in early life in manufacturing, but he lived in a very frugal manner, giving away his surplus income in charity and mainly to poor colored people. In his last years he was unable to walk and was regularly carried to his seat in the House in a chair borne by two men. I remember well the procession that daily moved from the House to the Senate during the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson. Stevens was one of the managers on the part of the House and when the messenger came over to announce that the Senate was ready to sit as a high court of impeachment, two doorkeepers raised "Old Thad." aloft and set out with him at the head of the solemn parade that marched through the echoing aisles and under the pictured canopy of the great dome, to the Senate Chamber.

Stevens was a man of strong likes and dislikes, as are most men of positive and original character. If he took a dislike to a fellow member, he was sure to find an opportunity to lash him with



THADDEUS STEVENS.

his sharp tongue. One session he fell out in the Ways and Means Committee with Horace Maynard of Tennessee, a tall, thin man with swarthy face and long black hair, who was popularly supposed to have Indian blood in his veins, although he was, in fact, by birth and ancestry a Massachusetts Yankee. Stevens waited patiently for a month for a chance to punish Maynard. Finally it came. Maynard made a speech, and being a scholarly man, ended it with a Greek



CHARLES SUMNER.

quotation. Stevens antagonized Maynard's argument in his customary dispassionate, logical way; then he said, "This much for the gentleman's English. As for his Choctaw, I do not profess to understand it." The House laughed, and Stevens took his seat without another word.

Stevens died at the age of 76. He left most of his property to found an orphan asylum at Lancaster and provided in his will that there should be no distinction of color in the institution. He bequeathed a piece of ground for a cemetery with a similar provision, and stated his wish to be buried there, writing his own epitaph, in which it said that his body rests where no human being will be refused burial on account of the color of his skin. His consistent friendship for the oppressed negro race was the feature of his long public career that still shines out across the mist of years. The world has nearly forgotten that he was a great parliamentarian, a great orator, a leader of men in troublesome times, a shaper of legislation, a reconstructor of States and a re-modeler of the American constitution, but the African race in America cherishes his memory as that of one of its noblest friends and benefactors.

CHARLES SUMNER.

For many years Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, was the most conspicuous figure in the Senate of the United States. Many things combined to give him his exceptional prominence. He was the hero of the Anti-Slavery element before the war, after the brutal attack of Preston Brooks, of South Carolina, who stole up behind him while he was sitting at his desk, and beat him into insensibility with a heavy cane. The blows so affected his spinal column that Sumner was three years in regaining his health. As an orator, he had no peer among the Anti-Slavery agitators except Wendell Phillips, and Phillips never held office and could not, like Sumner, address the whole country from the Senate floor. Sumner's oratory was of the old-fashioned, lofty, rhetorical kind that is very little cultivated at the present day. His voice was a deep base and his long, polished periods rolled out with the majesty and force of a cataract. I have heard him talk for three hours at a time without in the least wearying his audience. He was one of the few men of his day in public life who spoke the English language in its full purity, without fault or blemish, never slurring a syllable, changing the true sound of a vowel or omitting a final consonent. Every word had its complete enunciation.

In person Sumner was a trifle over six feet tall and was well-proportioned. His leonine head, with its abundant covering of hair, never cut short in the now prevailing mode, was poised on a pair of broad shoulders. His torso was like that of a Greek god in its symmetry. He dressed carefully, but without the least effort to follow new fashions. He was by all odds the most scholarly man in the Senate. He was familiar with all ancient and modern literature, spoke French well and read nearly all European languages. In his pleasant home, facing Lafayette Square, he had many rare treasures of literature and art to show his friends. His specialties in collecting were etchings and choice books in costly and curious bindings. He showed me once the prayer-book Marie Antionette carried when she went to the scaffold, and a proof of Pope's "Essay on Man," corrected by Pope himself. There was no more delightful way of spending an hour than to get him interested in displaying his collections and talking about them. During the controversy between the Liberal Republicans and President Grant, I represented the N. Y. *Tribune* in Washington and made the best of my good footing with Sumner politically, to gain his personal friendship. I was in the habit of going to his house every Sunday evening to talk with him, or rather to hear him talk, for the friends who dropped in on these occasions were usually too much taken up with admiration for the great orator's brilliant and informing conversation to say much themselves. He sat in his arm chair in an upper room, the walls of which were covered with etchings from floor to ceiling, where not occupied by book cases, and he often kept us till midnight before anybody thought of the lateness of the hour.

Late in life Sumner tried matrimony with disastrous consequences. When over fifty he mar-

ried a dashing and handsome young Boston widow, the daughter of one of his oldest friends. The pair did not harmonize at all. She wanted to drag him about to balls and receptions, and he wanted to sit in his study with his books and friends. After a few months the wife ran off with a young attache of a foreign legation, and the statesman calmly resumed his old quiet, bachelor mode of life.

As a prominent champion of the freedom and equal rights of the negro Sumner was greatly annoyed by constant calls upon his time or purse by representatives of churches and charities. He had very little money to give, his income being no more than adequate for his modest style of living. I remember once coming down stairs with him when he was starting for the Capitol and finding a delegation of colored men lying in wait in the hall with a subscription paper. After listening to them for a few minutes, Sumner exclaimed in his tremendous bass voice, "Have I not done enough for your race already? Why do you bother me with this sort of thing?" And he strode out of the house without looking back to see the discomfiture of his callers.

Like most famous men, Sumner had the common fault of greatness—egotism. On one occasion I was a sufferer from this egotism without any fault of my own. He was the best authority on general European politics of any man in Congress, and when any event of importance happened abroad I used to go to him for an explanation to wire to the *Tribune*. Frequently I would give the statement in the Senator's own language as coming from him. This, of course, added interest to the dispatch and he never objected to being quoted. When the Castelar government in Spain was overthrown, the first news received was very scanty, and the cable gave no account of the causes leading to the sudden downfall of the new Spanish republic. I hastened up to Mr. Sumner's house and found that he had a theory to explain the event, and this I wired to my paper in time for Sunday morning's issue. The Monday paper brought news from Madrid which showed that Sumner's theory was incorrect. I was on the floor of the House just before noon that day, waiting for the session to begin to go up to my seat in the reporters' gallery, when I saw Sumner striding down the aisle, his head thrown back and indignation in his eye. He came up to me and in his deepest chest tones roared, "What have I done to you, young man, that you should treat me in this manner?" He held both the Sunday and Monday issues of the *Tribune* in his hand, the first with his theory of the Castelar collapse and the other with the real facts. I knew there was a storm coming, and to ward off the tempest of the great man's wrath, I hastened to say, "The truth is, Senator, that between the public men who are angry if we print what they say and those who are angry if we don't, we correspondents have a hard time of it." I did not wait for an answer, but slipped out of the gathering crowd of members of the House. I was a young man at the time and lacked the nerve to stand up and take his lecture on the sin of interviewing Congressmen. I had printed his opinions fifty times before without a word of objection from him, but his vanity was touched in this instance by the failure of the true account of the occurrences at Madrid to tally with the theory he had advanced.

Charles Sumner died in 1874 at the age of sixty-three. A little cyclopedia which I have at hand admirably describes him in a single sentence, when it says: "In person, character, principles, ability, scholarship and manner, he bore a stamp of nobility." His speeches and addresses collected by his secretary and published after his death, fill eight stout volumes. I suppose nobody reads them now-a-days, but open one of these volumes in some public library where they repose, dust-collecting and undisturbed, and you will find a force, dignity and color in these orations that will remind you of the paintings of the old masters, and a literary style as fascinating as that of Macaulay.

E. V. S.

LAKE AGASSIZ.

The farmers and other residents of the fertile valley plain of the Red River of the North are well aware that they live on the area once occupied by a great lake; for its beaches, having the form of smoothly rounded ridges of gravel and sand a few feet high, with a width of several rods, are observable extending horizontally long distances upon each of the slopes which rise east and west of this broad, flat valley. Hundreds of farmers have located their buildings on these beach ridges as the most dry and sightly spots on their land, affording opportunity for perfectly drained cellars even in the most wet spring seasons, and also yielding to wells dug through this sand and gravel, better water than is usually obtainable in wells on the adjacent clay areas. While each of these farmers, in fact everyone living in the Red River Valley, recognizes that it is an old lake bed, few probably are aware that it has become for this reason a district of special interest to geologists, who have traced and mapped its upper shore along a distance of about 800 miles.

Numerous explorers of this region, from Long and Keating in 1823, to Gen. G. K. Warren in 1868 and Prof. N. H. Winchell in 1872, recognized the lacustrine features of the valley; and the last named geologist first gave what is now generally accepted as the true explanation of the lake's existence, namely, that it was produced in the closing stage of the glacial period by the dam of the continental ice-sheet at the time of its final melting away. As the border of the ice-sheet retreated northward along the Red River Valley, drainage from that area could not flow as now, freely to the north through Lake Winnipeg and into the ocean at Hudson Bay, but was turned by the ice-barrier to the south across the lowest place on the watershed dividing this basin from that of the Mississippi. This lowest point is found at Brown's Valley on the western boundary of Minnesota, where an ancient water course about 125 feet deep and a mile or so in width extends from Lake Traverse, at the head of the Bois des Sioux, a tributary of the Red River, to Big Stone Lake, through which the head stream of the Minnesota River passes in its course to the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico.

Detailed exploration of the shore lines and area of this lake was begun for the Minnesota Geological Survey in the years 1879 to 1881 by Warren Upham, under the direction of Professor Winchell, the State geologist. In subsequent years Mr. Upham was employed also in tracing the lake shores through North Dakota for the United States Geological Survey, and through Southern Manitoba to the distance of a hundred miles north from the international boundary to the Riding Mountain, for the Geological Survey of Canada. For the last named survey, also, Mr. J. B. Tyrrell has extended the exploration of the shore lines more or less completely for two hundred miles farther north, along the Riding and Duck mountains, and Porcupine and Pasquia hills, west of Lakes Manitoba and Winnipegosis, to the Saskatchewan River.

This glacial lake was named by Upham in 1879 in honor of Louis Agassiz, the first prominent advocate of the theory of the formation of the drift by land ice; and the outflowing river, whose channel is now occupied by Lakes Traverse and Big Stone and Brown's Valley, was also named by Upham in 1883, the River Warren, in commemoration of Gen. Warren's admirable work in the U. S. Engineering Corps, in publishing maps and reports of the Minnesota and Mississippi River surveys. Two special reports of Mr. Upham's exploration of Lake Agassiz have been already published, the first in 1887 by the Geological Survey of the United States, and the second in 1890, by that of Canada. From these we gather the following notes and descriptions of the old lake area.

Several successive levels are recorded by distinct and approximately parallel beaches, due to the gradual lowering of the outlet by the erosion of the channel at Brown's Valley, and these are named principally from stations on the Breckenridge and Wapheton line of the Great Northern Railway in their descending order: the Herman, Norcross, Tintah, Campbell and McCauleyville beaches, because they pass through or near these stations and towns. The highest, or Herman Beach, is traced in Minnesota from the northern end of Lake Traverse, eastward to Herman, and thence northward, passing a few miles east of Barnesville, through Muskoda, on the Northern Pacific Railroad, and around the west and north sides of Maple Lake, which lies about twenty miles southeast of Crookston, beyond which it goes eastward to the south side of Red and Rainy lakes. In North Dakota the Herman shore lies about four miles west of Wheatland on the Northern Pacific Railroad and the same distance west of Larimore on the Pacific line of the Great Northern Railway. On the international boundary, in passing from North Dakota into Manitoba, this shore coincides with the escarpment or front of the Pembina Mountain plateau; and beyond passes northwest to Brandon on the Assiniboine, and thence northeast to the Riding Mountain.

Levelling along this highest beach shows that Lake Agassiz, in its earliest and highest stage, was nearly 200 feet deep above Moorhead and Fargo; a little more than 300 feet deep above Grand Forks and Crookston; about 450 feet above Pembina, St. Vincent and Emerson, and about 500 and 600 feet, respectively, above Lakes Manitoba and Winnipeg. The length of Lake Agassiz is estimated to have been nearly 700 miles, and its area not less than 110,000 square miles, exceeding the combined areas of the five great lakes tributary to the St. Lawrence.

When the ice-border was so far melted back as to give outlets northeastward lower than the River Warren, other beaches marking these lower levels of the glacial lake were formed; and finally, by the full departure of the ice, Lake Agassiz was drained away to its present representative, Lake Winnipeg. The entire duration of Lake Agassiz, estimated from the amount of its wave action in erosion and in the accumulation of beach gravel and sand, is estimated by Upham to have been only about 1,000 years, and the time of its existence is thought to have been somewhere from 6,000 to 10,000 years ago.

W.

MY BRONCHO AND I.

Away and away at the break of the day,
With the wind in our hair and the light in our face,
Life is a holiday, plainly your foot beats say,
As we swing o'er the plain at a smooth loping pace,
Life is a holiday as swiftly we speed away,
Free as the eagle then wheeling in space.

The sun's level rays burn out like a blaze
Through the gates of the East, a red flood tide of light,
Up a wide valley sways a rose river of haze,
To the range rising ghostlike in garments of white,
And the sweetest of thrills as I fall, as I raise,
Keeps time in my pulse to the tune of your flight.

O, 'tis grand to be free and to feel 'neath your knee,
The muscles in play then as rigid as steel;
Yes, my broncho, I see 'tis sweet, sweet liberty
That one with your master you breathe and you feel,
So with sunrise we'll be in the wind, you and me,
'Til Time has spun out our last thread on his reel.

F. G. BARLOW,

Barlow, N. D., June, 1893.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE WHITE EAGLE.

BY HELEN A. SAXON.

There was no place in Fordway settlement more picturesque than John Clossen's little log house, nestling in a hollow of one of the foothills overlooking the river; and from its broad western window you had a splendid view of the mountains with the cloud-wreaths about their shoulders, and of the long stretch of purple valley where, pricked out against the emerald or russet hills, the white tepees stood with soft rings of blue smoke twisting up from their yellowed tops. The boldest crag of the whole range towered just over them, and stood like a sentinel guarding the valley with its scattered flock. The White Eagle they called it, for it bore eternal snow upon its uplifted head.

To be sure, the grandeur of this scene, when viewed from John Clossen's window, was somewhat dimmed by the fact that the calves which roamed at large outside the house employed their leisure hours in licking the lower panes as far up as they could reach, and the swallows had bespattered the upper ones in building their clay nests just above. However, there was no one to look through the window but John himself, and he was out on the hillsides all day, working on his range. He meant to wash the window and fence out the calves when he had time, but meanwhile there were more important things to be done—poles to be cut and hauled, corrals to be built, coolies to be cleared out. He had his own ideas about how some of these things should be done—heretical ideas of Eastern importation, which foretold his doom to the minds of his solicitous neighbors; but then they had been assured of that from the moment it became known that he could write B. A. after his name if he chose.

"W'y, of course he's bound to fail," said William McPherson, who was chief magistrate, Indian-trader, post-master, and self-appointed overseer of the settlement. He was leaning over the palings of his new garden fence as he spoke, watching John going home after a day's work. "Them noo-milk calves o' his won't fetch no more 'n the market than skim—I'll be blamed ef they do. Takes more'n books an' singin' to make ranchin' pay—not but what I wisht he might—nice enough young feller. 'Taint the educated folks what has the best chance allers, in this circus."

"Well, what was the good of sending Liss and me to the sem. then?" asked his daughter Abbey.

"To larn ye to keep a civil tongue in her head, ye sassy jade, an' I got left, by George!" roared her father, laughing. He was fond of this daughter; her pert speeches pleased him, and he meant to do well by her when she had made up her mind which of the boys she would have. It was his boast that she could choose for fifty miles around. She had the swarthy skin and bold, dark eyes of her mother, and he had loved that half-Indian mother as he never loved the meek-eyed, pale-skinned woman who submissively reared his second brood.

But John coming home over the hills, with his water-pail swinging in one hand, and the white-bladed axe over his shoulder, was unconscious of prediction or criticism, and at that moment was simply glad it was Saturday night, for not only did it finish his week's work, but it was also practice-night. He didn't enjoy building fences in a roaring wind or burning sun, and on the whole he did enjoy practice-night, for he sang well, and there were also several more or less pretty girls there to tell him so. He was not especially susceptible to the charms of pretty girls, but he was rather a diffident fellow, and their soft purrings soothed him into a gentle satisfaction. They all liked to play his accompaniments, and he showed no partiality, not even to Abbey McPherson, though, of course, it was understood that he liked her best. All men liked her best, except those she snubbed. She never snubbed John Clossen, but then that may have been because he asked no special favors of her.

When John reached home that night, he saw that the shadow of the White Eagle was already creeping along the valley, and that meant that he had no time to spare; so his preparations for supper were of the simplest. While the kettle was left to boil, he milked his wild little cow, taking the precaution first to tie her at head and heel, for otherwise she would never submit to such indignity. Then he chopped kindling enough to do over Sunday, brought a pail of fresh water from the coolie, whistling merrily the while, and at length sat down to his little home-made table with an appetite that regarded cold beef and warmed-up potatoes in a highly favorable light.

But his meal was scarcely ended, and he was yet absorbed in a column of the month-old newspaper which served him as a table-cloth, when a shadow fell across the sheet; and the next moment the latch of his door slowly lifted, and a little old Indian squeezed himself into the room. He looked like an animated bundle of rags as he advanced, shuffling his mud-colored moccasins over, and extending a brown, unctuous hand which John did not hesitate to take. His clothing was a miscellaneous assortment of cast-off garments, surmounted by a tattered blanket, and his hair hung in matted strings to his drooping shoulders. He smiled with a child's pleasure and confidence into John's face.

"Good evening, Jimmy," said John in his cheeriest voice, "how's the world using you lately?"

Jimmy's smile expanded, and he grunted a soft, inarticulate response. He understood but few English words, and they related mostly to the world of edibles, but he understood the meanings without words. His manner of life had made him proficient in the art of tone-language, He belonged nowhere, but was a bit of human driftwood, floating unresistingly down the tide of life, ready to be ground in nature's alchemy to other uses. He was far too old to hunt, or even to follow far the broken and scattered remnants of his tribe in their restless migrations; and so he drifted about from one tent to another, occasionally presenting his deprecating smile at the back-door of civilization, receiving in silence whatever crusts sufficed to allay the impulse of charity his abject presence awakened in the busy housewife. He came often to the little house on the hillside. John gazed rather quizzically at his guest and said:

"In polite circles, my dear sir, it has become customary for gentlemen who are about to confer the honor of their presence upon their friends, to announce said honor by touching the electric bell. As I have not yet had electricity introduced into my mansion, an application of knuckles upon the exterior of the door might serve the same purpose and prevent a shock to my nervous system by finding the privacy of my bachelor apartments thus unexpectedly invaded."

While speaking, he reached forth a sun-browned hand, and solemnly knocked upon the side of the table. A vagrant smile lit up Jimmy's face and quickly faded again as his black, beady eyes wandered over the table. John knew the roving glance betokened hunger. Jimmy was always hungry. Most people are who don't get three meals a day.

There was cold meat on the table, and a dish of dried apple-sauce, and the diminished end of a home-made loaf. It was all the bread John had left, and he had rescued that from his own appetite in view of breakfast. His bread was baked by Mrs. Johnson on the other side of the river, and she brought his week's supply to church every Sunday in a stout, well-covered basket. If he gave this over to Jimmy, he would have to make bannocks for breakfast, and bannocks he detested, especially when made by himself. A glance at the shrunken, pathetic figure before him was sufficient, however; he brought a clean plate and seated his eager visitor before it, and while the latter disposed of everything on the table, John "cleared up" in the rear, a task which did not long engage his masculine powers. His cheery whistle presently sounded from an inner room, whither he had retired to make his toilet for the evening, and old Jimmy finding himself alone, slowly got up, heaved a deep sigh of satisfaction, and after gazing curiously about the room, betook himself off down the lane. John found him at the gate when he rode out a little later. He was fumbling with his pipe and old buffalo-skin tobacco pouch. He dropped them with eager haste when he saw John, and went to open the gate, and both horse and rider waited impatiently while the clumsy old fingers undid the fastenings. When finally it was open and John rode through, he lifted his broad-brimmed hat in a parting salute to Jimmy, and dashed down the hill, a handsome sight.

Miss Abbey McPherson thought so, at any rate, when half an hour later, she watched him gallop down the slope to the little mission church. She was leaning against the window casing, and Arthur Ripley was standing beside her. There were always plenty of young men ready to stand beside Miss McPherson when she allowed them, but few had ever come as close as Ripley had. She was the acknowledged belle of the Range, though not as pretty as her sister Lissa, showing decided traces of her Indian blood. She rather rejoiced in that than otherwise, however, for she revered her mother's memory, and proudly bore her name, Abigail.

"Clossen rides very well," remarked her companion, condescendingly.

"Yes, fairly," answered Abbey; "at least I never heard of him being thrown."

Ripley glanced sharply at her and said: "Did you ever hear of any other fellow being thrown?"

"O, yes, I've heard that such little accidents happen even to the best regulated persons—on the other side of the river."

Ripley understood the allusion. He was one of the score or so of dashing young mounted police, and in a recent scuffle with a horse thief he had not only lost his man but had been thrown. He had been unmercifully chafed over it by his companions, for he prided himself on his daring success in such adventures. So the story had reached her ears! Well, he was too wise to attempt to defend himself to her. If she cared to have him defended, she would do it herself, and more successfully than he could.

"How long has Clossen been in these parts?" he asked indifferently, as they watched him dismount.

"He came just when I was going into long dresses, and thinking about doing up my hair."

"Ah, so short a time? I supposed he had been here longer—was an old inhabitant in, fact."

"He's been here long enough to make a good many friends," she answered a little shortly.

"Yes, I've noticed that he is 'universally beloved'," said Ripley, pulling his mustache. "Still," he added, assuming an air of reflection, "there might be certain disadvantages in being *too* universally beloved. For my part, I would prefer having it a little more concentrated, provided I could choose the source."

He looked at her meaningly as he spoke. He was in love with Abbey McPherson, and he meant to marry her. He knew she had not cared any more about him at the first than for half a dozen

others, but he also knew that he had won a certain influence over her: she didn't dare treat him as she treated some of the others, and that was in his favor—was, in fact, his trump card. He was not going to humbly sue for her love; he was going to compel it.

It was a queer company that gathered every Saturday night in the mission church. Half of them made no pretence of singing, but roistered in the Sunday school room while the practicing went on in the main body of the church, where the little cabinet organ stood. As so many of the men kept bachelor's hall, it had been customary for the girls to bring some refreshments in the way of cake or sandwiches, and so after the singing a sort of impromtu party took place. On



"AT LEAST I NEVER HEARD OF HIS BEING THROWN."

this occasion, in the midst of the laughter and hub-bub, a stentorian voice called out from the door:

"I say, let's all go down to the falls for a moonlight walk."

A chirrup of feminine approbation followed this suggestion, and a general rush for the door. It was a brilliant night, and their way led through a natural park, where groups of tall firs sent spear-like shadows over the level ground. Three or four couples separated themselves from the rest of the company, and John found himself presently walking behind the others with Abbey McPherson. They went silently for a time and then Abbey said in a quiet voice that contrasted strangely with her previous gaiety:

"How changed everything becomes in moonlight; it seems almost like another place here."

"Yes, he replied; "but, do you know, this region always seems foreign to me. Although I've been here nearly five years now, it would never connect itself involuntarily with the idea of home to me. I sometimes wonder if it is because a man's 'home' is always the place where he is brought up, or because this region is so different from any other place on the face of the earth."

"I have lived here all my life," said Abbey, "and yet I never felt exactly as if I belonged here. I think I would take more naturally to life in the East. When I was at school I missed the riding and the mountains some, but all the rest seemed natural enough."

"I wonder if life here seems only temporary because it is so primitive," said John. "We are always looking ahead for the things that are to come. Now that we have the railroad, we want daily mails and a suspension bridge, and when we get them I suppose we shall want letter-carriers and electric lights."

"O, I don't want more letter-carriers," laughed the girl; "we have trouble enough with those we have."

Abbey was assistant post-mistress, under her fathers directions, and the mail was carried by Indians across the river twice a week. "I don't want electric light, either," she continued, "for there isn't enough to light up yet."

"What do you want?" asked John.

She was silent, and he continued:

"If the good fairy with her magic wand came riding on the wave yonder to grant your wish, what would you ask of her?" He might have seen a fleeting smile cross her lips, had it been light enough.

"I'll tell you," she exclaimed suddenly, "what I've been wishing for all day, and what I've wanted all my life."

"What is that?"

"A brother."

"A brother!" he repeated smiling; "what! with so many who would so gladly be more than a brother, if you would only let them?"

He and Abbey were very good friends, and he always thought of himself as a great deal older than she was.

"That's just it!" she exclaimed; "I can't trust them."

"And so you want some good, brotherly advice?"

"Yes, I do," she said frankly.

"About what?"

"Ah," she cried, mischievously, "but why should I tell, till I've found the brother?"

John felt his face grow warm. "I—could I—?" He was always diffident in the presence of women.

"Yes, you could—if you would," she said, answering his thought.

"It would be my greatest pleasure to serve you."

"The very greatest?" she asked tauntingly, but he said nothing.

"I don't know," she began hurriedly; "perhaps I ought not to speak of it, but there is no one I can ask, and I can't bear gossip, and—I don't know—Albert Ripley—" she stopped.

"What about Albert Ripley?" he asked, feeling an indefinable sense of disappointment at mention of the subject. "Is he—what sort of a man is he? I think it probable that you see a good deal more of him than I do," he answered, dryly.

"I see more of him than I have any use for," she said impatiently, as if his tone displeased her. He could not make her out to-night.

Without his having noticed it, they had quite separated from the rest of the party. The others had gone to a steep embankment from which a very fine view of the falls were had, while he and Abbey were on a path leading down to the water's edge, just above the falls.

They passed under an archway of spiral firs, whose faint, solemn chant above them in the night wind mingled with the deep roar of the waters, increasing at every step. Weird, quavering shadows were under their feet as they went thro' the narrow aisle, down a steep descent where rough steps had been cut, and from which they had emerged upon a sloping rock, laved unceasingly by the rapids. It was impossible to make a voice heard here. Abbey drew her arm from her companion's, and threw herself down upon the rock, close to the water's edge, gazing upon the wild scene. Opposite them, on the other side of the torrent, great slabs of slaty rock glistened in the moonlight, wet with the spray of foaming waters, while fantastic groups of spruce and stunted poplar clung in about the cliff. Away beyond loomed the crest of the Rockies, crowned by the White Eagle; at their feet swept the torrent born of mountain snows far back in the hidden recesses and flashing in the light of that moon which is never young and never old, which knows no love or hate, and to whom the couple who stood bathed in her light were of no more importance than the yellow leaves that were borne away in the whirling flood.

Presently a scream was faintly heard; the others were approaching by another path. Abbey made a quick motion to rise, but in doing so her foot suddenly slipped upon the wet stone. John caught her instantly and swung her up on

the rock beside him. There had been no real danger, but she clung to him as if frightened, and her lips moved. He bent down to hear what she said, but that was impossible. She did not attempt to repeat what she wished to say, but she looked at him intently, appealingly, with a strange look in her eyes, an unwonted softness, and John thought for a moment that he saw tears in their brown depths. He did not understand her. He was not a vain man.

The others came rushing up, laughing and screaming into each other's ears, and soon all were on the homeward path. "My!" exclaimed one of he girls after they had climbed up to the plain again and human speech could be heard, "I don't ever want to go down to that place again. I felt as if ghosts were after me."

"O, the spooks don't git as fer down as this," said her companion.

"O, yes, they do," Ripley's voice was heard to say; "they ride down on the moonshine as far as Gnome Gully and they dance there till they have to go underground again. You can hear them shriek two miles off on a still night."

"Indian spooks, I s'pose?" said a "tenderfoot," who never liked to be facetious. "No, regular mountain harnts, I reckon."

"I say," giggled the girl who had spoken first, "I wonder if Injun spooks is white same as t'other kind."

"Get bleached out somewheres underground?" suggested Ripley.

"O, you go on," said the girl; "I ain't talkin' to you."

"Sorry to disoblige you, but I can't go on for I'm not off yet; and I'd certainly lose my way if I tried, for the light of your eyes is my only guide," retorted Ripley, whose bold speeches had made him a favorite with the girls.

He had not tried to follow Abbey, nor had he seemed to observe her movements; that was not his policy, but he had been leader in the chase down to the shore, and he marked how again she and Clossen had fallen apart from the others.

Abbey had taken no part in the general conversation on the way up; she seemed moody and distraught, and John could not make her talk. When they came within sight of the little white-painted chapel, she suddenly spoke:

"You have not answered my question yet," she said in a low tone.

"About Ripley?"

"Yes."

"I think I must find out first how you want me to answer," he replied, smiling.

"What do you mean?"

"You must already know whether you would like such an answer to be in his favor not."

"Do you mean that you would answer to suit what you suppose would be my wish without regard for the truth?"

"What I would say would not affect you in the least. If I told you not to marry Albert Ripley or any other man, would that deter you?"

It was an unfortunate way of putting it; he realized it the moment after. Her answer was so low he only just caught it, but there was that in it that he could not mistake.

"Tell me so, and see."

His blood tingled, though he could not have told why. He could not think of anything further to say, so he said nothing.

They walked in silence to her home. There was a solitary lamp shining from the window of the store, and she chose to enter there rather than through the garden gate, which led to the house door. A constraint had fallen like a film between them; she did not speak even when her hand was on the latch. She waited there. John felt he must say something.

"I—I will answer your question some other time—next practice night," he said lamely, mentally cudgeling himself for a fool.

"I will wait for it," she breathed softly, and the next instant she flashed into the shop and shut the door.

John rode home in a whirl of thought. One thing was clear to him—Miss McPherson had meant something very personal to-night. Either she was willing to—he hesitated over the word—to marry him, or else she was an outrageous flirt. He could not believe the latter; they had been good friends for a long time, and she had more than once confided affairs to him, but there had never been more than good fellowship between them. It was plain the time had come for either more or less. With his habitual diffidence where women were concerned, John had never thought he could win her, the most spirited and popular girl in the region. I will not say that he had never installed her in fancy in the vacant niche of his home. A young man's thoughts wander far afield at times; but though her slight strain of Indian blood no longer prejudiced him as it might have done at first, yet she was far from fitting that sacred niche. There were certain traits that would conflict with his own, and a lack of fine instinct and feeling. But he ought to marry, he knew that; he was no longer young—thirty-two—and if this was to be his home, could he do more wisely than to ask Abbey McPherson to help him build it up and share it? A vision of the comfortless house he was going back to to-night rose up before him. He hated it! Where Abbey McPherson reigned, Order and Plenty would be her handmaidens—and her father's broad acres stretched beside his own smaller ranch. "Fool!" he suddenly exclaimed.

Down in the bottom of John's heart, covered up for many a day, was the image of a beautiful woman he had known in the East. Six years ago they had been warm and congenial friends, and it had seemed to him she possessed all the qualities that men adore in women. She was fair and gracious, delicate in her habits, but high spirited, withal. He had loved her, but when the reversal of fortune came, and he left to take up life in this rough land, he had set himself steadfastly to banish her from his dreams. Before that he had sometimes ventured to picture the future with her by his side; but how could he ask her—brought up in ease and luxury—to share a life uncertain in all but its limitations? So he left without a word spoken, and even their correspondence he had deliberately allowed to cease. He had thought that he was gaining upon this haunting dream, that he was leaving it behind in the past; but to-night when he allowed himself to think in an intimate way of another woman, there came clear and imperative the image of the woman he had loved. *Had* loved? John knew in that lonely ride home that he loved her still, and that she would ever remain his ideal. The question that came to him was, should he remain true to this ideal in his heart, even if it called to him to brave the discomfort and misery of a single life, or should he be sensible enough—the world would call it so—to marry a woman who would suit his inferior man? But even as he formulated the question, his heart was exulting in the sudden conviction that love was stronger than reason or wisdom or anything else. He loved her in the face of every obstacle—what use in denying or fighting it? How could he name Abbey McPherson or any other woman beside her?

His road had followed the river as far down as Gnome Gully, and now branched off. He turned his pony from the trail and rode to the edge of the cliff, as if to seek in nature's wild mood some answer to his own. Far down the valley the river glistened in the moonlight like a silver snake, twisting in and out between its jealous banks and somber firs. Just beneath the gully, where the stream widened and turned a sharp curve, the rocks were shaped strangely in likeness of twisted human forms, dwarfs and giants and mishappen things. A man could have sworn they moved stealthily down there among the pitchy shadows. Muffled screams and groans and hoarse whispers came out of the abyss, mingled with the gurgle of the water, the sobs of the gusty wind in the the firs, and the wailing cry of the wolves. John had a stout heart, and he had spent many a night alone on the plains. He had no fear of darkness or strange sounds; but the unrest within him seemed to be allied with the unrest without to-night. He knew he was at a crisis. He had been letting himself drift with the tide of this easy-going Western life, and yet there was a latent force in him that once aroused could carry him to any goal. The love he had borne so long, half hidden and wholly denied, was part of this force and part of all that was best in him. Should he give it dominion and offer himself a loyal and willing slave—or should he follow the easy and broad way that led to—what?

The long echoing scream of a locomotive on the other side of the river cut across his meditations, banishing as if by magic all the weird influences about him. It was the west-bound express, and had but just come from *her* home. In three hours the eastern train would cross the same road going back. John's blood took a sudden leap, and in that instant a determination was born. The echoes of the shrill whistle had scarcely died away before he was riding swiftly homeward; and the impulse it had stirred into life was yet coursing through his veins when he sat down in the homely kitchen of his little log house and wrote the story of his love to the woman who had inspired it. He told how it came, springing from all that was best in him, thriving upon denial, companioning these lonely years, and triumphing over will and reason. He had nothing to offer, he said, and so he dared ask for nothing; but he wished her to know what her influence had wrought in his life, and that he was a better man for having known her.

It was a strong and manly letter, and it closed with the abrupt request that she would let no impulse of sympathy prompt a reply. It was not for that he wrote. What was it he wrote for? he asked himself, as he folded it up. Certainly not the hope of an answer from her. Whatever his chances might once have been, six years bring many changes to women's hearts and fortunes. He was not self-analytical; he only knew a right and true impulse dictated the letter. He acknowledged the dominating influence of his life, and set himself to be worthy of it. His confession to her was but the pledge of faith to himself.

The clock on his wooden mantel-shelf was slowly telling off the hour of midnight, when he stepped out once more into the night with the letter closely buttoned in his breast pocket. He had dated it from Stony Hill station, instead of Fordway; somehow he preferred that Miss McPherson's eyes should not read the superscription on this letter, even in an official capacity, although the alternative meant fording the river yet to-night, and a ride of twice seven miles. The moon was already waning as he rode rapidly off, but another light had dawned in his heart.

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"Have some more peanuts."

"Thanks, don't care if I do—I love peanuts."

"Alas! what they miss in being insensate," said Ripley, affecting a sigh.

"Miss what?" said Abbey, "the torture of being crunched?"

"No, the bliss of being devoured by love."

"Does that follow?"

"Does what follow?"

"That it would be blissful."

"Most assuredly. To be devoured by one you love"—

"Ah, but you didn't say that."

"It was understood, though, for if they were

sensate, how could they help loving in return? Only in that case, I suppose you would have no farther interest in them."

The girl laughed scornfully, and stretched out the toes of her new ten-dollar boots. They were sitting on the steps of the meeting house, waiting for practice. They were early.

"People never do love equally," said Abbey. "One always gives, and the other takes. Ideals never meet in real life. Do you think a woman's ideal so commonplace that one of the half a dozen men who may present themselves for her acceptance fits it?"

"Why the deuce do they marry, then?"

She shrugged her shoulders slightly, but did not reply. She would have liked him better if he were more choice in the language he used in her presence; and yet she was well enough accustomed to rough talk. Every man of her acquaintance was free of speech, except John Clossen. As for Ripley, he was free in manner as well as speech. He never asked permission to smoke in her presence, or to do anything else he took a notion to do; but for all that he had a way! He was not a man to be fooled with.

"I suppose," said Ripley, with assumed gravity, "you think a man meets his ideal in each of the half-dozen ladies he presents himself to for acceptance?"

"Why else should he present himself?"

"For the same reason that they let him, presumably."

"Let him!" she said, with a contemptuous air. She looked away to the eastward. A hill was there, yellow and purple even at this distance with the wealth of wild sun-flowers and hare-bell that grew upon it, and the road that wound up and over it looked like a black serpent. On the other side of this hill was John Clossen's home. Ripley noticed her glance; it was involuntary and not the first.

"Yes, *let* them," he repeated after her. "Women are not averse to lovers even though they may be to husbands."

"Ah, that depends upon the kind of lover," she said, with an air of wisdom.

"Tell me what sort of a lover a woman likes best," said Ripley, leaning over to her confidentially, and looking straight into her yellow-brown eyes.

"She generally likes best the sort she hasn't," retorted Abbey, returning his gaze unflinchingly.

"You mean she likes best the man who doesn't like her best?" he said pointedly.

In spite of herself she reddened under the thrust. She knew what he meant, but she replied, steadily enough:

"Yes; for most men are less likable the more you see of them."

"Most," he repeated, "but fortunately you leave room for a saving exception."

A company of Indian horsemen suddenly sprang into view on the top of the hill, and came galloping into view at full speed, their gay blankets flying, and knives glistening. They made a picture that would have thrilled an artist's pulse, but it was a sight common enough to these two watchers. It was not for such riders that Abbey McPherson looked eastward. The long week had worn away with no word from John Clossen, and no sign of what his 'answer' would be. To-night she would know. Know what? John Clossen was the only man in the settlement who had not made some sort of love to her, and if he had, perhaps she would not be looking for him to-night. If he had been numbered among her suitors she might have thought him tame beside Albert Ripley, bold, handsome and imperious. I do not know; a woman's heart is hard to read. She glanced up to the hill again. Ripley followed her eyes.

"Clossen ain't coming to-night," he said nonchantly.

"Not coming!" the girl exclaimed.

"No." He would not explain all at once—he was watching the effect.

"How do you know?" the girl asked sharply.

"Am I my brother's keeper?"

"Pshaw! you know well enough. Has he gone out to Big Wolf Valley?"

"You seem to be pretty intimately acquainted with Mr. Clossen's movements."

"But—practice; who will lead us?"

"Suppose you try me for a change," said the young man, insinuatingly.

"But I don't understand him going away like that, and leaving no message." Miss McPherson occasionally lapsed into bad grammar when excited.

"Well, you don't misunderstand it, do you?" said Ripley.



"NO, SIR; THERE AINT NOTHIN' HERE TO THAT NAME, SIR."

At the word 'misunderstand' there flashed into her mind the solution of this sudden absence. He meant this to be his answer. She knew the trip to Big Wolf was imperative; almost all the ranchmen had cattle back there which they visited but seldom. He had told her he was going later in the season. No, she did not misunderstand.

She lifted her head proudly and gazed off at the White Eagle, behind which the sun was just setting. She knew its every phase and feature. She had watched it enwrapped with the glory of crimson and purple mists, dark with thunder-clouds, and white with its own pure snow wreaths. In sadness and merriment, and every phase of her own fitful heart, she had turned her face away to that king of the mountains, as one looks to the unattainable that lies in sight from every soul-window. She looked at it now while the angry flush of wounded pride dyed her cheek. It was her pride which suffered first, and when that is the case, there need be no fear that the heart will bleed to death. She turned with an impatient gesture to her companion. He was looking reflectively at a large blue bead which he had just picked up from the gravel by the step.

"One dollar a string," he said, "and I saw three strings on a squaw's neck the other day—pretty well for an income of five dollars a year, isn't it? About the same proportion that her more advanced sisters spend on adornment, however, I suppose. Here is another. Some fairy creature has evidently come to grief here, scattering her costly jewels before swine, to be trodden under foot."

"Will you remember when you speak of Indian women that you are speaking of my race?" said Abbey hotly. She turned to face him, the anger aroused by another cause deepening this, as the sound in a sustained note will increase when others are suspended. Her Indian blood showed more plainly when she was angry. Ripley admired her courage and allegiance, and admired still more her flashing eye and proud head and darkly suffused cheek. He rose involuntarily, the beads rolling away from his unconscious hand, and as he gazed at her passionate eye, passion of another sort leaped into his own.

"I remember nothing when I look at you," he said slowly, "but that you are the woman I have chosen from all others for myself."

The color flew from her face, and came back

again, growing deeper and deeper. She was taken off her guard; she had not expected this yet.

The thud of a pony's hoofs upon the soft sod was heard behind them.

"Come with me," said Ripley, "and we will walk over to the river. I have more to say."

She hesitated. The sun had gone behind the mountain, and shadows were over them. Before her, the river, still in sunlight, sparkled and dimp'led. She looked at it, and then at the man beside her. His face was intense, and the veins stood out on his temples. His bold eyes burned; at least he loved her. She took the arm he held for her, and there was no choir practice that night at the Fordway mission church.

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It was nearly two weeks later that John Clossen, coming up from Big Wolf Valley, struck the Fordway trail, and it was a welcome sight to him. He had been in bad luck in rounding up, the cattle breaking away twice after being gathered, and he had the help of but one young lad. The journey homeward was even more trying, for the cattle had to be watched ceaselessly day and night. But it was not alone the fatigue and discomfort of the work that made John so impatient with the slow-footed, restless creatures he drove before him. He was going to send the cattle on with the boy as soon as they were in sight of home, and go himself around to Stony Hill station to see if a letter might not be waiting for him there. During his three weeks' exile, when he had had little companionship and no mental distraction, his thoughts had focused themselves on one theme with a persistency he set himself in vain to overcome, and there was nothing in all the world so large to him as his longing for an answer to the letter he had sent, and which had marked a turning point in his life. He had expected nothing when he wrote it, and he expected nothing now, he told himself; and yet when he dismounted at the little wooden station and post-office and inquired for letters from the red-headed boy within, he felt a strange tumult at his heart. The boy laid a greasy novel face downward on the counter while he deliberated over a pigeon-hole marked C. As this produced no result, he proceeded to tumble over the miscellaneous contents of a large drawer. John watched every motion of the thick, freckled fingers with an almost breathless tensity, and then finding himself doing it, he turned and looked out of the dingy window at the four steel lines that joined his world to the rest of mankind.

"No, sir; there ain't nothin' here to that name, sir."

It came like a blow, confusing for an instant perception and sensation, and then as he walked out, he smiled as he thought that he must have been counting on it after all; and as he rode off towards home it seemed to him that his own future was like these hills that stretched before him, bleak, dry and fruitless. John Clossen was not the first whose withered hopes have blighted a fair landscape.

That same hour Abbey McPherson stood watching Noah Walters ford the river in his old Red-River ox-cart. The whole turn-out was popularly known as "Noah and his ark," and was something to see, for even in that land of the new they have a few old-fashioned things to laugh at.

It was with some amusement that Abbey watched the clumsy vehicle as it twisted about, bumping heavily over stones and creaking its resentment, while the old man shouted, urging forward his reluctant steeds. Her account of it would win a hearty laugh from her father at supper. But as soon as he had gained the shore the old man called to her:

"I hev' a letter fer Mr. John Clossen. 'Twas give me on t'other side the river at the station. Wilson said he couldn't tell how it wus it come thar, but as it had been a-waitin' some time, he sent it over t' yer pa to put into the mail here, and I thought if y'ed jes' as leif handle it, 'twould save me the trouble of steppin' up, as I be late this afternoon."

"O, certainly, I'll take it up," said Miss Abbey graciously.

"I'm sure I'm obleeged t' you, Miss," said the old man, chirruping to his team as he started off.

Abbey looked at the letter. It was addressed in a delicate feminine hand. She turned it over, pondering. Why had it come to Stony Hill, instead of Fordway? There was some mystery here, and—yes, some connection. She had seen that writing before. It used to come in the regular mails. Could it be that he was engaged to some girl down East? What did it matter to her, anyway? And yet he had slighted her. She smarted yet under the memory. He had gone away without one word after she had let him see ——a sudden dark flush rose to her cheek, and with a passionate gesture, she flung the letter from her. It was lifted by a puff of wind and borne down to the bosom of the river, where it floated away far beyond her reach or recall. She would gladly have snatched it back; she was half-frightened, but there was no one to see, and she ran quickly away, as if to escape even the memory of the hasty deed.

But a pair of keen old eyes had seen the act. Old Jimmy lying on the bank in his favorite nook, under a spruce tree, where he watched the comers and goers, saw the little white flake as it fluttered from her hand and swirled down to the river. He knew what it was, and a letter was always a letter to this poor, uncomprehending brain whether newly arrived or cast away. The agency—which stood in the place of Providence to Jimmy—paid for the safe delivery of letters, and was very particular about them. All white men set store by these bits of paper, and only the most sober and trustworthy Indians were engaged to bring them over the river. Twice a week they came. Jimmy had once assisted in in this work, and never ceased to remember it with pride. It had been a sort of climax in his life, and the memory sweetened and assuaged his neglected old age. There wasn't much else that did. His only excitements were getting converted at the mission chapel, and getting drunk once a year as soon after treaty-payment as he conveniently could. Treaty-payment was not far off. Next moon would bring it. It was the goal of his hopes, at present. He leaned over the bank to watch the letter. It was lodged against a snag, and was tossing up and down in the water. He thought he could almost reach it if he were out on that log. He remembered how the agency had trusted him—he respected himself for that trust—and how they had given him good white men's dollars for safely carrying letters. He grasped his stick and shuffled down the bank, but once on the shore, he saw that he could not get it that way. He looked around furitively; there was no one in sight, and no one would be likely to cross till the men came home from the agency. The ferry-boat used when the water was high and for foot travelers, lay hauled up on the shore not far off. He dared not move her, and, indeed, his feeble strength would hardly have sufficed for that; but near at hand was Mr. McPherson's old boat, seldom used now. It was lighter than the other, and Jimmy had often been in her before the fine new ferry had come. He could manage her all right. She was half full of water; he tipped out what he could, and shoved her off without minding the rest. He was excited when he found himself really afloat, and he trembled with eagerness as he took up the only oar she had, and began to paddle as fast as his stiffened old arms could move. When he came around the little bend he could see the letter still imprisoned by the log. But it was hard to get his water-logged craft within reach. Again and again he tried without succeeding; and at length, clinging to a branch of the log, he took the oar in the other hand and managed with a few splashes to dislodge the letter and bring it nearer. The current caught it, and in another moment would have swept it out of reach forever, but old Jimmy, leaning from his boat, snatched it up. The next instant his oar was floating down the stream, for he had let go of it when he seized the letter. There had been no other way, and it was an involuntary act. Perhaps he deserves no credit for it. His mind had been intent upon recovering the letter, and the oar was afloat before he noticed. He was afloat too, for the twig he had clung to snapped when he leaned over. He looked at the letter; it was swollen and stained, and the stamp was off, which he regretted. Still, it was unopened, and he could tell which side the writing was on. He would have liked to know whom it was for. He put it in his breast and watched how fast the boat was drifting. He was not more than a mile above the falls. He had often run them in his younger days, and I doubt if he felt much afraid. There were fallen and overhanging trees along the banks; he might easily catch on to one of them. But his craft was too water-logged to swing about much, and she kept pretty straight in the middle; and very soon he heard the distant low roar of the coming falls. He heard also a faint cry above him. A man was plunging down the bank, steep as it was, realizing his danger more plainly than he had himself. He was shouting some directions, but Jimmy could not hear them, and would not have understood if he had. Soon even the sound of the voice was lost in the mighty roar of the rapids, but he saw that it was John Clossen who was running along the shore, leaping stones and dashing through water, in a frantic effort to save him. He tried to rise in the boat, but she was swaying too heavily, and so he held up his arm high with the letter that John might see. It was his only explanation. Then crouching in the boat, he put the crumpled bit of paper into his buffalo-skin tobacco pouch, and thrust it deep into his bosom; and then kneeling, he faced the falls before him steadily, until the mad waters, tossing the frail old craft, as the wind tosses a withered leaf, swept him down, and swallowed him up in darkness.

When treaty-payment was made, old Jimmy's name was struck off the list and the agency was saved five dollars.

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High up the slope of one of the Fordway foothills, in the shadow of the White Eagle, where the winds from the towering crags of the Rockies sweep perpetually through the lean grass and sagebrush, rests Jimmy in the place set apart by the little struggling band of settlers for the burial of their dead. His is the only Indian grave marked by a headstone, and his memory is, in consequence, held in high honor by his tribe. It was erected by Mrs. John Clossen shortly after her arrival, as a token of love to the poor outcast whose fidelity to his conception of duty was the indirect means of bringing her to her Western home. On the last anniversary of her marriage day she and her husband walked up to the lonely hillside and left a wreath of wild roses on old Jimmy's grave.

SPELL IT KOOTENAY.—Like most Indian names Kootenay has a choice of spelling. In the earliest general map of British Columbia it was Cootoo-nay. In official maps of a later date it was Kootenaie, the spelling adopted on the American side. Dr. Dawson spells it Kootenaie, but on the Canadian side the official and popular orthography is Kootenay. It is of little moment. In the classics of modern showdom, "you pays your money and you takes your choice."—*Winnipeg Commercial.*

OF INTEREST TO SETTLERS.

Wealth in Alaska Pine.

Taking it all in all, the owner of a good tract of spruce or Alaska pine need not bother about the finances of his country; neither does he need to toil and spin. All good things come to him who waits; and he will not have to wait long. His tract of timber is enhancing in value every year, and he has a better proposition than anyone else in this country.—*Puget Sound Lumberman.*

The Man Who Succeeds.

The man who comes to North Dakota with the idea that he can poke the ground a little with a crooked stick, throw a little seed at it with a shot gun, and market a crop of thirty bushels to the acre for a dollar a bushel, is liable to meet with disappointment. But the son of honest toil who pitches his tent in North Dakota, ready and willing to live by the sweat of his brow, (work late and early) with a competency, has and will meet with success. A steady hand leads an elephant by a hair.—*Fargo Republican.*

Mining Prospects in the Kootenay Country.

This season's work will go far towards proving whether or not mining is to be an industry in the Kootenay Country. It is already known that there are numerous good prospects in a dozen different camps, but the properties known to be mines are few. Tnis year development work will be carried on, in the main, under the direction of men who have made mining a business; men who do not expect to make a mine in a day out of a mere prospect, and who know that a large expenditure of capital must be made before that steady output of ore can be had which is the only sure gauge of a mine's worth. The country will be more thoroughly prospected than ever before, for the reason that the rich finds made in the Slocan and Lardo countries have attracted the attention of intelligent men from all over the world. This year will also find the country with fair transportation facilities, so that the owner will not be required to pay the greater share of the value of his ore in order to get it where it can be loaded on cars or aboard steamboats.—*Nelson (B. C.) Miner.*

Sheep Raising in Washington and Oregon.

Sheep-raising on the ranges of Oregon and Washington is an industry of considerable magnitude. There are, it is said, 2,000,000 sheep alone, and Eastern Washington ranges are heavy producers. The latter portion of May each year great droves, reaching about 100,000, are started from these two States for Montana and Nebraska, the largest and finest being shipped from the former State to Chicago, and others going to Nebraska, and corn fed. It takes five months to make this journey, but as the grass is generally abundant, the stock arrives at its destination in good condition. The fact that last season practically all the wethers were driven off the ranges, accounts for higher prices and scarcity of mutton in the Northwest this year. The loss last winter to herds was very light, nearly twenty-five per less cent than usual, and sheep are all in good condition. Sheep on these ranges are said to be the finest raised in the world, yearlings averaging well with two year-olds in other portions of the country. The crop is shipped East almost entirely.—*Vancouver (Wash.) Register.*

Washington's Invitation.

In the Washington building in Jackson Park a list of visitors who desire to visit or make investments in this State is kept. The names of some of these, together with the nature of their inquiries, are in print. A Michigan man wants to know what the prospects are for establishing a foundry. A Texas farmer says he "wants to come to the land of the free and have some republican neighbors." A New York City physican wants a change of residence and would like to know what opportunities would be open to a man with $20,000 or $30,000 capital. A Los Angeles glass manufacturer is looking for a desirable location. A New York City shoe manufacturer asks what field there is in Washington for a shoe factory. A Kentucky farmer would like to know whether the State could appreciate thoroughbred horses. A Wisconsin man is looking for a favorable location for manufacturing mattresses. There are many inquiries about farming and fruit-growing in general.

Washington urges one and all of these to come and see for themselves. Here are wheat lands and fruit lands. Here is room for those who wish to raise cattle, horses, hogs or poultry. Here is the land of the miner and the lumberman, and here is the land for the manufactures. Come and see for yourselves, gentlemen. Business propositions await you. Washington is willing to abide by your decision when you have once investigated her personally. She is not afraid of the closet scrutiny. Come and see for yourselves.—*Spokane Review.*

Progressive Farming in Oregon.

A movement is on foot in Washington County, of this State, which seems to be popular among the farmers, and which should be an example to other sections. A meeting will be held the last of this week, which is really the continuation of other meetings, to discuss the adoption of plans and measures which will greatly increase and develop the dairy industry in that county.

Not only are dairymen themselves expected to attend, but all classes of farmers and business men. It has been found by experiment that this is a diversified method of farming that pays well when properly managed, and by its introduction a large amount of money is being brought into the county, and the dairymen appear to be doing even better than first predicted. If crops generally are not up to what they desire, there is still a good profit in this business. This meeting will consider advanced and improved methods of dairying so as to keep up with the times. As a result it is claimed that the value of property will be enhanced, the population will become denser, prosperity will be more general, and better roads will be built. It is in line with a spirit which seems to be awakening the whole State to possibilities which it has in the development of diversified agriculture. The natural advantages of climate and soil are here and the market demand is greater than the supply.

It is a fact that needs only a little observation to be fully demonstrated that Oregon does not even supply her own population in the most common products. A study and inspection of imports by steamer and by rail prove this beyond a doubt. The Washington County movement is certainly worthy of encouragement.—*Portland Telegram.*

From Poverty to Plenty.

A certain gentleman of this county had a wife and three children and was working for small compensation in St. Paul. Every week it took his weekly stipend to furnish the necessaries of life and pay the rent. With the object of bettering his condition, he came to this cornicopea of plenty—Barnes County. Having no other available capital than a willingness to work and a determination to succeed, he homesteaded 160 acres of Barnes County's gold-producing area and erected a sod shack. A part of his farm was sowed to wheat and a good milch cow was purchased for thirty dollars. A small band of sheep was obtained on the half-wool, half-increase plan, and with a small vegetable garden this formed the commencement.

The wild prairie grass, together with the surplus productions of the farm, furnished food for the cow and sheep. From the cow the family obtained all the butter and milk needed for home cousumption, and usually had some surplus to dispose of to their grocer. A few good chickens of the Leghorn variety, selected for their profit rather than their purity of breed, were added, and these furnished all the eggs required for use and left enough to pay, with the surplus butter, for the groceries of the family. To still further economize the output of the farm, a couple of pigs were added to the stock department, and the refuse from the house and barn was devoted to their sustenance. Ham, bacon, lard and fresh meat sufficient to last a considerable length of time were thus supplied, and, together with an occasional chicken, served to render the butcher's bill very light. It was necessary to live while the wheat grew—wheat is the principal product grown—so a large section of land was devoted to a market garden, where all kinds of vegetables were found ready, fresh and toothsome when required. These were well attended to and yielded their owner a large income from the start. The farm furnished employment for each member of the family the year round. There was some duty for each to perform, and the truth of the old adage was amply proven in this experiment.

A few groceries and clothing had to be purchased and the butter and eggs paid for these. All else was produced at home. This was almost five years ago, and the family have lived and lived well. They now have a farm of 480 acres, a new and good residence, a bank account, and are free from debt and have an assured income.

This is an instance of what can be done where energy, judgement and business qualifications, such as would be necessary in any other calling, are brought into play. There are a number of similar cases in this county. There is no reason why a young man, or an old man, with a few hundred dollars, and a will at the back of it, can not make a similar success—*Valley City (N. D.) Times-Record.*

Future Fruit States.

There is considerable encouragement for the belief that in no very remote time Minnesota and South Dakota will take pretty fair rank among fruit-producing States, and North Dakota will rival any of them in small fruits, and have excellent plums, grapes and a few other hardy varieties. The exhibits from all of them in the horticultural and fruit exhibits at the World's Fair will be a surprise even to residents of the State. Only a little more confidence and perhaps further experimental tests with varieties are needed to awaken a widespread interest in horticultural matters in this State. Wm. Somerville, of Olmstead County, has made the subject a matter of study for a great many years, and is particularly confident that the average Minnesota farmer will yet have a fair crop of apples. He has on his own farm an orchard that has for years paid him well, as an investment. The State has an experimental orchard at Owatonna that seems to show that careful orcharding in the State can be made a success. It is inevitable that failure shall be made with all of some varieties of fruit, and the large majority of others. But few of the Russian apples have proved entirely hardy in the State, and how far acclimation may be carried is yet to be shown. It was observed at the St. Anthony Park experiment station recently that the range of inquiry pursued there had but small limitation. There were thrifty looking young cherry trees evidently of the Early Richmond family, pears, plums, apples, etc. A few peach trees had succumbed to the winter, but pretty much every other sort of growth there was promising. It is doubtful if any good cherries can be grown here successfully, but it does not cost much for those

whose business it is to find out things for the producers, to test everything.—*Northwestern Farmer.*

Waste in Farm Machinery.

"The Palouse Country has rightly won the reputation of being the greatest and richest wheat belt in the United States," said a prominent merchant to the Tekoa, Washington, *Globe.* "The bright prospects and bountiful crops year after year have caused a great amount of carelessness. The fact is that few farmers give any attention to their farm machinery. It is estimated that to-day there is $100,000 worth of machinery along the Northern Pacific Railroad, between Spokane and Juliaetta. Out of this amount it is safe to presume that nine-tenths is not under shelter at any season.

"The average cost of a horse threshing machine is $1,100 and for a steam power $2,500, self binders $175, reapers $125, mowers $75, headers $300, wagons $100, buggies from $100 to $150. Machine men claim that a binder left out in the field exposed to the weather will not last more than one season, as it is a fine piece of work and when once out of line and tune it cannot be repaired. No piece of machinery will last more than two or three seasons if it is left out in the field to rust and warp, while if proper care is given most any machine will run from five to ten years.

"It is known that in many cases drags and harrows have been left in fields after seeding and when the grain was ready to cut these machines wou'd be run into with a reaper or binder, which would result in a demolished machine that could not be repaired.

"Where machinery is bought on time the average rate of interest is ten per cent per annum. Where machinery is left in the fields to rust out in two years the mortgage given on the land as security will, in seven times out of ten, be foreclosed. The cost of shelter would be a small rate of interest."

A Reasonable Deduction.

Within the memory of many who are yet but little past the meridian of life, the central part of Illinois and the whole of Iowa, now known as the "garden of the world," were comparatively an uninhabited, howling wilderness. No place in the Dakotas east of the Bad Lands looks so desolate and forbidding as that country did forty years ago; and the winter climate of that country was then held up as a bugabear against it as the winter climate is held up against this country now. A Government surveyor who surveyed a portion of Central Illinois made a note in his report that the country was "uninhabited and uninhabitable." For years the land was on the market in the Government land office at $1.25 per acre, without buyers. Now the whole of that country is in fine farms, worth from sixty dollars to eighty dollars an acre, the subduing of the wilderness has brought a modification of the winter climate, and now the terrors of the winter, once theirs, are removed to the new countries, in the farther West and Northwest. Within a generation the conditions of this country will in like manner change. This country will be as thickly settled as Illinois and Iowa now are, and land will be as valuable here as it now is in the States named. The development in this country will be more rapid than was that of the States south and east because it will be led by railroads instead of followed by them as in their development. Five hundred per cent increase of value within thirty years is a good investment, and it is reasonable that the value of land in this country will increase to that extent within the time mentioned. The time for the poor man of the already thickly settled States, where the value of land has reached very nearly its maximum, to possess himself of land that will make him a good home is now, and the place is North Dakota. The new country of the West and Northwest is the last chance, for there is no more new country—except Alaska, and that is unsuited to agriculture—and our lands will be rapidly taken. Already the Red River Valley land has reached the value of twenty-five and thirty dollars an acre, and the rising wave will soon reach the James River and Missouri River valleys. This is no boom article; it is merely the statement of a self-evident fact. We have no land to sell; neither are we interested in anybody else selling land. We are merely pointing out the inevitable future with the view of putting our Eastern readers who want farms of their own, and are unable to purchase where they are, in the way in obtain them. There are hardships and privations in the settlement of every new country, and this is no exception to the rule. There are no more hardships in this country than the early settlers encountered in Illinois and Iowa, and not so many privations, because of the better means of transportation we possess. Hold a little reasoning conference with yourself and see if you will not arrive at this same conclusion.—*Jamestown (N. D.) Capital.*



HARVESTING IN THE GALLATIN VALLEY, MONTANA.

The Tiller of the Soil.

It is no uncommon thing, as one travels over the country and converses with different people, to hear remarks made derogatory to the farmer; remarks to the effect that the farmer is the proper object for derision and plunder; that he is always standing in his own light; that he can always be counted on to vote wrong, and for just those men who, in order to feather their own nests, will pass measures against the interests of the tiller of the soil; that anyhow the farmer gets all that he deserves. Sentiments of this sort are not uttered in public places by politicians, who want the farmer vote. You don't hear these sentiments on the public platforms. You don't read them in the newspapers. In all these places, honeyed words are given to the farmer of the country. The joke columns contain references to his greenness at times; pictures of him as he has come in from Indiana appear, and you see how he blows out the gas in his sleeping room, but that is all.

When you visit the large cities, you see the large and luxuriant offices of the commission men, who handle the wheat and oats and cattle and wool of the farmer. These commission men fail sometimes, but that is generally because they have departed from the usually conservative methods of the members of their profession. Usually the commission man does not buy till he has sold; he usually does not sell till he has bought. Somehow he manages to intertwine the two operations with so much keenness that there is practically no possibility of his making a mistake. The large cities of Chicago and St. Louis are built on the industry, largely, of the farmer.

The editor of the *Pioneer* in the course of his travels met a man a few days ago, who by his own experience illustrated the rocks that the farmer is likely to become stranded upon. The man in question is a successful business man; possessed of means, which have been largely attainded by dint of good business habits and a a strict attention to business. A year ago this man, who had heard so much said regarding the losses and gains that were to be obtained by growing wheat in this State, made up his mind he would make an experiment. He took 160 acres of land that had been already broken, and was in good condition for a crop, and put in the land to wheat. He hired all his work done, but at fair prices—paid no more for it than a farmer should get for doing the same work. He realized fifteen bushels to the acre, and sold his crop at a loss of $200. If he had kept the wheat till today, he would in all probability have been the loser by this date of $500 more than he lost when selling it from the threshing machine. He has come to the conclusion that under such conditions as he farmed, there is no money in raising wheat.

Here in the Missouri Valley, this is what we have been saying all along. One-crop farming has been generally condemned by us as being suicidal. The farmer of the Eastern States, who keeps sheep, cattle and horses, is pointed to as the model farmer. In this country, where the farmer has to pay practically nothing for his fuel; where he has an abundance of Government and railroad lands on which to turn his cattle and sheep for grazing, the same unfavorable conditions do not prevail that the farmer is likely to experience in other parts of this and other Western States. But here the farmer has no picnic, any more than the man has who is conducting any sort of business. The fact is that wherever a man lives and whatever he does, he finds that there is a struggle going on all the time in which he is engaged and it is a question of a survival of the fittest.—*Mandan (N D.) Pioneer.*



The Stranger Taken In.

[*Matt. xxv., 35.*]

He was a stranger; it was plain:
He showed it in his face.
Nobody knew him in the town.
He knew naught of the place.

A little boom was on the rise.
Much need there was of tin.
He was a stranger in the town.
And he was "taken in."

PERSIS E. DARROW.

The Editor's Experience.

In front of Mr. Malloy's feed store stands a baby carriage which bears this sign: "For Sale —Have gone out of business." That dodge won't work, Malloy. We've tried it several times and had to buy a new carriage every time.—*Superior Times.*

A Mean Man.

An Oregon girl in applying for a Government job states that she is twenty-four years old and weighs 172 pounds. We hope she will not be appointed. She undoubtedly would fill any office to which she might be appointed, but she already holds a fat position.—*Walla Walla Statesman.*

A Wise Chinaman.

A Moscow Chinaman was overheard speaking to himself as he ironed a shirt. Picks up one showing evidence of having been well cared for, and says: "Bachelor. Him lan'lady fix him." Picks up another, buttonless and all frayed at the wrists and neck, and says: "Mallied man."—*Moscow (Idaho) Democrat.*

Well, Hardly.

In sending out news of an exceedingly brutal murder, together with the fact that a posse carrying a rope is in pursuit of the murderer, a correspondent invariably adds that if caught the man is likely to be roughly handled. Nobody would suppose that the purpose of the mob was to present a written testimonial of esteem and a bouquet.—*Moscow (Idaho) Democrat.*

An Ignominious Failure

As a mining stock gambler we don't seem to be a howling success. Early last week we bought ten mining shares in a stock company, expecting, of course, that when the news got abroad, it would have a tendency to strengthen the declining silver market and restore public confidence; but instead, India immediately demonetized the metal on receipt of the intelligence, the price went down, and our attempt to "bull" the market has ended in ignominious failure.—*Davenport (Wash.) Times.*

They Had No Respect.

A Crookston man tells the following: "A few years ago an old farmer living not far from here suffered the loss of his wife, a most amiable and respectable woman. Notwithstanding the age of the widower, who was about 70, he married a young and giddy girl about two months later. The neighbors, all of whom had great respect for his departed better half, became very indignant. So the night of the wedding festivities they gathered from all points—men, women and children—about one hundred in number. They carried tin pans, tin kettles and horns, and at nine o'clock there commenced such a din as never was heard before. The old man stood it as long as possible, but finally he threw open the door and said, 'I should think you folks would not make such a racket around here so soon after there has been a funeral!'"—*Red Lake Falls (Minn.) Gazette.*

It Was on the Court.

That incorrigible Davin! The other day he was counsel in an appeal case in which the legal definition of an Indian was involved, the dispute being over a half-breed. Said Mr. Davin: "I apprehend Indian blood means Indian blood—as port wine would mean port wine, or claret, claret, or whiskey, whiskey." One of the judges interposed: "But suppose whiskey is mixed with water —made punch of—would not the mixture be whiskey?" To which Mr. Davin blandly replied: "I think it would be whiskey and water; but that is a subject on which I bow entirely to the superior experience of the court."—*Winnipeg Free Press.*

Grateful to His Benefactor.

Down in South Minneapolis there is a barber named Hans. The other day he found himself a victim of financial depression and seemed on the eve of a crisis. He was able, however, to borrow two dollars from his friend, the shoemaker, and with this financial assistance he tided over his difficulties His gratitude to his friend, the shoemaker, knew no bounds, and he was scarce able to find words in which to express his obligation. "Johan," he cried, "Oh, mein Johan, if ever your friends desert you, if ever your fader and moder die, if ever you are hungry or haven't anything to wear, yust come to me, Johan, und I will shave you for nothing."—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

O'Flaherty and the Bull.

A few days ago a supposed dead bull was seen lying by the side of the track on the west end division of the Northern Pacific. The matter was promptly reported to the superintendent's office here and he in turn sent out an order instructing section foreman Thomas O'Flaherty to remove the dead animal. Shortly afterwards a reply was received which distinguishes Mr. O'Flaherty as a man of superior tact, although his rhetorical powers have doubtless been sadly neglected. Mr. O'Flaherty's epistle runs as follows:

"The Supt. Sir, The bull that was killed by the train was not killed, but she died from eating two much buckeyes and ain't ded yet, but I will bury him to-morrow. Answer if I shall skined him. Thos. O'Flaherty, Sec. Forman."—*Missoula (Mont.) Democrat.*

As It Should Have Been.

During the national editorial convention in Chicago recently, a young editor from the State of Washington succeeded by one incident to establish himself as the boss punster. He was passing along Wabash Avenue when he saw the sign, "Walla Brothers, Laundry." He walked inside and asked for the proprietor, and when he appeared he said:

"Your sign is wrong; why don't you correct it?"

"It's been up there for twelve years," said the head of the firm, "and I never knew it was wrong. What ails it?"

"Well," said the Evergreen wag, "it ought to be Walla Walla, Wash."

The joke was overheard by a fellow editor, and at the grand reception at the Auditorium theater it was told to an audience of 3,000 people, and such laughing and cheering, it was said, has seldom been heard in a Chicago theater.

The Weather Was All Right.

A New Whatcom real estate man tells a story, good or otherwise—it is left with the reader to determine—on himself. A gentleman arrived from the East last winter during that "cold snap" in February, which a few may remember. It is needless to say that the weather in February was extraordinary, unparalleled in fact in Puget Sound history, but the stranger did not know that. For years he had read of the Italian climate, the sunny skies and the gentle Puget Sound zephyrs, which in very sooth bear healing on their wings, and he longed for a sight of this blessed country. He came; but the rude breath of Boreas greeted his nostrils, and the sweet fields which his imagination had pictured as being clothed in perennial green, wore an all too familiar mantle of white. Nevertheless he listened to the word painting of his friend, the real estate man, in praise of our climate, and uttered no protest nor did he offer any comment. The real estate man left him at the hotel, apparently happy, and himself well content. Betimes next morning he hastened to the hotel; his friend had gone, but behind him he had left this memento: "Your Italian climate is all right, but d——n your Italian liars."—*Fairhaven Herald.*

A Double Misfortune.

We have received the following communication from the Post-office Department:

(No. 1528.)

Postmaster must fill this out in full legibly. } Postoffice, at Mullan.

State, Idaho; date, May 24, 1893.

Sir: Pursuant to instruction from the postmaster-general I beg leave to inform you that your paper, addressed to .....
..... The *Tribune* .....
is not taken out, but remains dead in this office. Please discontinue the same.

A. M. WILSON, P. M.

Reason: The *Tribune* is defunct and the editor is in the penitentiary.

The reason we consider entirely sufficient, though we have known editors to edit in prison cells. We believe a Helena journalist once tried this under the guidance of the Butte sheriff. The paper ran along beautifully and for a time he was a greater man than Editor Stead, of London, who enjoyed a similar experience.

The editor of the Mullan *Tribune*, however, seems to have permanently retired from our ranks. To transpose the words of the newspaper prophet, "He has gone to stay," and to make the job complete killed the paper rather than permit it to fall into the hands of the ignorant or lowly. This is professional pride of the most inspiring sort. We do not know what an Idaho penitentiary is like, but presumably an editor has no time for literary pursuits. The cleansing of cuspidors from the warden's office, and the manufacture of horse-hair bridles is supposed to be more conducive to an imprisoned editor's reformation.

We have not learned the details of this affair. We only know that the "*Tribune* is defunct and the editor in penitentiary," and are thus left to philosophize as best we can on the vicissitudes of journalism in the far West.—*Helena Independent.*

Doc Bixby Lectures a Few Lines.

"Ichabod, my boy, methought I heard you speak of your sire this morning as the 'old man.' You are eighteen years of age, are you not? Just so! That is the age when callow youth had his first attack of the big-head. You imagine at this moment that you know it all. I observe by the cut of your trousers and the angle of your hat and the flavor of your breath and the style of your toothpick shoes and the swagger of your walk, that you are badly gone on yourself. This is an error of youth which your uncle can overlook, but it pains him sorely to hear you speak in terms of disrespect of one you should never mention save by the sacred name of 'father.' He may not be up to your style in the modern art of making a fool of himself, but ten to one he forgets more in a week than you will ever know. He may not enjoy smoking gutter-

snipes, chopped fine and enclosed in delicate tissue paper, but he has borne a good many hard knocks for your sake, and is entitled to all the reverence your shallow brain can muster. By and by, after you are through knowing it all and begin to learn something, you will be ashamed to look in the glass, and will wonder where the fool-killer kept himself when you were ripe for the sacrifice. And then, when the 'old man' grows tired of the journey and stops to rest, and you fold his hands across his bosom and take a last look at a face that has grown beautiful in death, you will feel a sting of regret that you ever spoke of him in so grossly disrecpectful a manner, and when you hear other sprouts of imbecility using the language that so delighted you in the germinal period of manhood, you will feel like chasing them with a sled stake and crushing their skulls to see if there is any brain tissue on the inside."—*Lincoln Journal.*

A Shakespearean Tramp.

A seedy-looking Thespian drifted into town yesterday, says the Fairhaven, Wash., *Herald.* He had all the marks of an old-time "hamfatter," and he spouted Shakespeare by the page. He approached a group of men on Holly Street, a battered stovepipe hat upon his head and much soiled gloves upon his long, bony hands. His face bore palpable signs of recent familiarity with strong waters, and his breath did not bear odors of Araby the Blest.

"Give thee good day, my merry masters," he said with a lordly wave of his hand, somewhat resembling one much affected by a certain gentleman who hails from North Carolina.

"Hast any copecks in thy purse? Nothing have I eaten since yester e'en, and in the distance yonder is a hostlery. Therein I fain would eat; a good repast I ordered, and perchance even now the patience of mine host doth wait my coming."

Tragedy and comedy were so ludicrously interwoven that the crowd responded and the Thespian's outstretched hand received a number of nickles.

"Thanks, my good citizens of the world," he said, "I may not tarry; at yonder tavern is good brown beer, and first I must slake my thirst in a foaming tankard;" and a fit subject for the Panter Institute shot into a neighboring saloon, his long coat-tails flying in the air.

The Picnic.

To the average American the picnic is as indispensable as spring medicine, one hundred doses for a dollar. Picnics cost more per dose, however, but then one can console himself and family in the fact that one dose will last a whole year. Some men are even brave enough to go through two, and sometimes three picnic ordeals, though it nearly always happens that they are testing their courage preparatory to joining a new political party before the next election instead of waiting until the result is known.

In getting up a picnic the dear, kind ladies do the proposing (a leap year is unnecessary in this instance) and the poor, blushing men say yes, and pay the livery bills.

A picnic is good to drive away ennui and other bacteria. It is hoped that in time the picnic may be so perfected as to drive away the inquisitive mosquito, but the long, green worm which drops from the overhanging branches of a tree into the potato salad cannot be dispensed with, as he is part and parcel of a well-regulated picnic. A careful watch has to be kept to prevent him from becoming a part and parcel of the picnicers. An ordinary Waterbury watch will do.

Some picnics are enough to drive a man to drink, the easiest thing on earth to do. A case is known where a team of horses was driven to drink at a picnic. This is unusual and doubtless won't happen again if the men folks can help it. A picnic is usually held on a lake or river twenty miles away. Nature and the livery stables seem to have been the committee on distance. Almost any lake or river will answer, but it is hard to get the small boy in the bushes to do the same when it is time to go home. The camping place should contain a grove of trees or vice versa. Sometimes the vice versa is left off. The grove should be rented from the man who owns it for ten dollars in order to make the picnic a success on his part. A boat and other means of getting drowned should be on hand. The program generally consists of some singing by the musically inclined, a rainstorm, by Hicks, and some lightning, by thunder!

The bill of fare can be made up of three different kinds of cake (each of them the best) by every lady present, several pies, and also chicken pies, pickles, bologna, ham, et cetera. The ham and et cetera should be boiled. Lemonade and coffee are the common beverages. Keg lemonade is used at some picnics.

In going home take the longest road if there are "two hearts that beat as one" in the buggy, and try to get lost occasionally. Some go home by moonlight, but a good road, minus mudholes, is preferred. Several days afterward, when the people get over the effects of the picnic, they tell those that didn't go that they had a lovely time. And they ought to know.—*R. W. Simpkins, in Forman (N. D.) Item.*

World's Fair "Hits and Mrs."

The editor of the Grafton, N. D., *Record* has been to the big show at Chicago, and sends his paper some choice World's Fair matter, of which these paragraphs are excerpta:

The walls of the Art building are hung with many handsome pictures, the paint alone on some of them costing the price of admission. The clothes on many of them, however, would be but a small item if reduced to money; this is especially true of pictures in the French exhibit. The most natural painting I saw was that of a hen laying fresh eggs.

Wild geese and ducks swim from one lagoon to another at the Fair; they are in their native feathers, and converse in hoarse whispers; in a moment of North Dakota thoughtlessness, I was sorry I didn't bring my gun. I asked a man who wore a soldier's cap and bed-spring star why they didn't fly out; he said the price was too high. The lake coughed up four barrels of soapsuds in his face. Lake Michigan can hold up an iron whale-back, but it can't stand everything.

The elevated railroads in Chicago and in the World's Fair grounds are not elevated on purpose for blind men to read them, but more especially to keep from running over the Columbian guards who get in the way of everything else. There are signs up, in the United States language, warning employees and others interested in life not to walk on the track and especially not to try to walk the third rail, which is highly charged with Franklin kite lightning. Funeral expenses at the Fair grounds, not being down on the "bill of fare," might come high. The conductors on the elevated electric railway cars shut the side entrances with a pair of tongs, doing the whole job by one upright movement. A stout lady who sat in the same pew with me left her foot outside during one of these upright movements of the conductor, and when the sides shut up they took a mean advantage of her foot. She said her husband was in the pile-driving business, and that she didn't have to go the World's Fair to get a hamburger steak made out of her foot. She was very mad and all the passengers were sorry to witness her pain. She got out at the first station to consult a pharmaceutical association.

I met an old friend sound asleep in the North Dakota building. He was the tiredest looking sleeper I ever saw. I hated to call him out from what he evidently was in need of. But his clothes looked like ready money and he owed me four dollars. He awoke with a good start, but I caught him. He said he was dead tired, had got into Chicago by electric light and went to a 15 cents-an-hour lodging house. He had a bed in his room, and it seemed to all appearances ready for business. A small placard suspended by cobwebs from one side of the room attracted more or less of his attention. The card, when read, said, "Don't Feed the Animals." He said he didn't want to get into trouble with the landlord and he had to keep himself busy keeping out of that bed all night. He said the landlord had locked the door from the outside with a crowbar and he couldn't get out and he had to stand around and read the wall paper and the directions for not going to bed, until 7 a. m., when the night clerk came around and gathered up the crowbars. That was what was the matter with my four-dollar friend; he sat up with himself the night before. He paid me the four and returned to his occupation.

In the Convent of La Rabida sleep the ashes of Columbus. I heard that some light-fingered type-setter had put them in his pocket and that they were no longer on deck, but after buying a catalogue and asking several piano-bred guides, I found out that they were still doing business at the old stand. With the kind permission of the janitor of the building, who was also superintendent, I removed all appearance of gladness and prepared myself to view the last remnants of the celebrated man. I was hustled along to a small room inhabitated by shot guns and butcher knives in the hands of a number of "board-and-go-to-school soldiers." The ashes were in a glass case, dark gray in color and two pinches in quantity. I asked the nearest guard if they were good goods. He said he was studying for the ministry, and I withdrew the question. They might have been pure hardwood ashes, and again I can't tell what they were. Columbus, doors, pants, coat, hat, sackcloth and ashes, all under one roof, besides letters, manuscript and bills, some of them unreceipted, were exposed to view. In this building, as well as all others, wheelbarrow loads of things that would look well in the bottom of the lake can be bought for cash.



Lo is In It.

It has long been very certain
That the world is surely moving;
Even Lo, our border savage,
Is in many ways improving.
Always tender in his feeling
For the scalp of any other,
He has grown expert in stealing
Ideas from his pale-faced brother.

When pursued by teasing lasso
Of the reckless prairie ranger,
Bronchos are his match in swiftness,
And he sees his life in danger.
So he steals a good bicycle,
And, once mounted, takes his chances.
Now, he would not give a nickel
For the best horse on the ranches.

POPULAR SCIENCE

A Whistling Well.

The Tacoma whistling well, according to Frank Reid, is not in it with that on Scott Adams' place, near Laurel. This particular well will whistle like a flock of macaws for days at a time; then, as if tired out, it will take a rest for a day or two or three, then suddenly, and without any preliminary manifestations, it will start in again afresh, and with renewed vigor. The well is fifty-two feet deep, and attempts to pump it dry and ascertain the cause of these strange freaks have been fruitless.—*Fairhaven Herald.*

A Wonderful Yield of Potatoes.

An official report of an agricultural experiment carried out by a French scientist during the crop season of 1892 is interesting. This was his mode of operation: He steeped his "seed" cuttings for twenty-four hours in a solution of six pounds of saltpeter, six pounds of sulphate of ammonia and twenty-five gallons of water. He then allowed them to drain a whole day, in order that the eye-buds might swell before planting. From potatoes treated in this manner and planted in the usual way he obtained a yield of forty-two tons of potatoes to the acre.

Advanced Photography.

Everyone interested in the photographs of outdoor scenes—and who is not?—must often have wished for some satisfactory means of obtaining larger pictures of distant, unattainable objects that cannot be got with an ordinary camera. Such cameras have been devised, but it is only quite recently that they have assumed that form. The desired result is brought about by means of a peculiarly constructed lens, consisting of a positive lens in front and a negative lens of much shorter focal length in the back. This gives an image several times as large at that obtained with an ordinary camera. With such an instrument photographs of birds and other animals which cannot be approached closely can be made, showing them in their natural attitudes, and of a sufficient size to exhibit their characteristic features. It is also suggested that this method of telephotography will prove useful in astronomy.

How We Taste.

Strictly speaking, with the tip of the tongue one cannot really taste at all.

If you put a drop of oil of bitter almonds on that part of your mouth, you will find that it produces no effect of any sort; you only taste it when it begins slowly to diffuse itself, and reaches the true tasting region in the middle distance.

But if you put a little mustard or cayenne on the same spot, you will find that it bites you immediately—the experiment should be tried sparingly—while if you put it lower down in the mouth, you will swallow it almost without noticing the pungency of the stimulant. The reason is that the tip of the tongue is supplied only with the nerves of touch, not nerves of taste proper; they belong to a totally different main branch, and they go to a different center in the brain, together with the very similar threads which supply the nerves of smell for mustard and pepper.

That is why the smell and taste of these pungent substances are so much alike, as everybody must have noticed, a good sniff at a mustard-pot producing almost the same irritating effects as an incautious dose.

Knocking Out Mosquitoes.

Mosquitoes may be knocked out or prevented from breeding by the use of petroleum. In experimenting it was found that four ounces in a pond sixty feet in area cleared it for ten days, though probably creosote or any other oil would have done as well. It is believed that a small quantity of oil placed in the water bogs and ponds where mosquitoes breed, lessens their number.—*American Analyst.*

Water Purified By Iron.

Fifteen pounds of metallic iron will purify 1,000,000 gallons of water. The water thus treated is said to be completely freed from germs, bacteria and other objectionable matter.

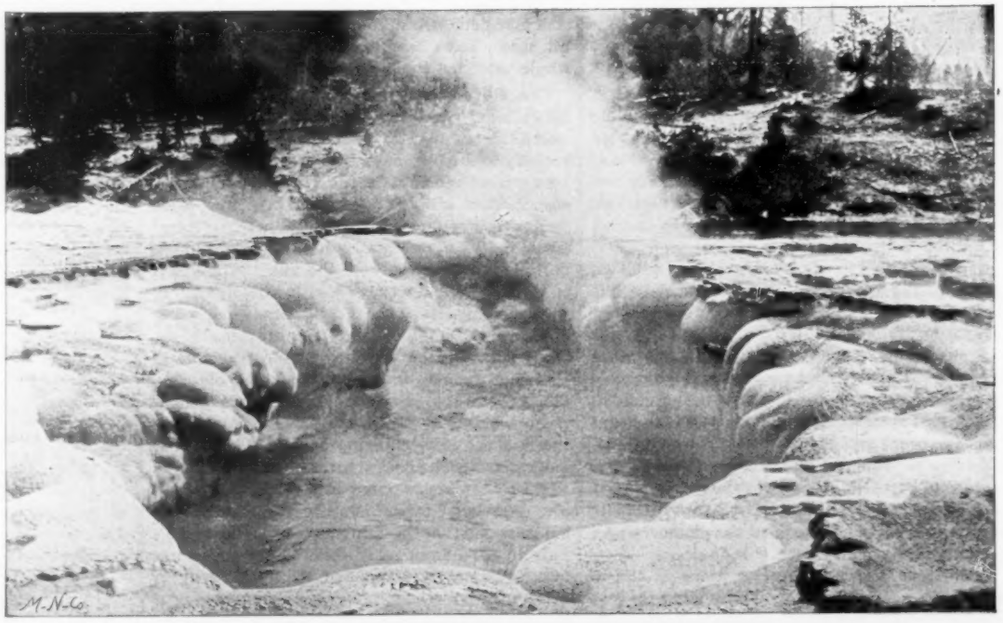
English and French chemists find that the contact with iron reduces the organic matter by from forty-five to eighty-five per cent and albuminoid ammonia by from fifty per cent to ninety per cent and all free ammonia is removed. The process has been applied with success to the water of the Delaware River, in Pennsylvania.

It is simple and cheap, and the passage of drinking water through iron pipes does not injure it.

Art of Prolonging Life.

The possibility of living 200 years in average good health seems to some a wild sort of scientific dream. So did crossing the Atlantic by steamship; so did conveying intelligence by electricity; so did the many startling inventions of these latter days. Every week we read of people who live to be 100 or 110 years old. Let us not be surprised at anything. We can not defy death. But we may, by searching, find secrets in nature and apply them to the renewal of the organs whose decay is constantly going on in the body. Anatomical experiment and investigation show that the chief characteristics of old age are deposits of earthy matter of a gelatinous and fibrinous character in the human system. Carbonate and phosphate of lime, mixed with other salts of a calcareous nature, have been found to furnish the greater part of these earthy deposits. As observation shows, man begins in a gelatinous condition; he ends in an osseous or bony one—soft in infancy, but hard in old age. By gradual change in the long space of years the ossification comes on, but after middle life is passed a more marked development of the ossific character takes place. Of course these earthy deposits, which affect all the physical organs, naturally interfere with their functions. Partial ossification of the heart produces the imperfect circulation of the blood, which affects the aged. When the arteries are clogged with calcareous matter, there is interference with the circulation upon which nutrition depends. Without nutrition there is no repair of the body. Hence in his work, "The Physiology of Common Life," G. H. Lewes states that "if the repair were always identical with the waste, life would only then be terminated by accident—never by old age."

Seventy per cent of the human body is water—nearly three-fourths. Not a single tissue is there in which water is not found as an ingredient. Certain salts are held in solution by this water, portions of which, notwithstanding the large quantity eliminated by the secretions, become more or less deposits in the body. When these become excessive and resist expulsion, they then cause the stiffness and dryness of old age. Entire blockage of the functions of the body is then a mere matter of time, and the refuse matter deposited by the blood in its constant passage through the system stops the delicate and exquisite machinery which we call life. This is death. It has been proved by analysis that human blood contains compounds of lime, magnesia and iron. In the blood itself are thus contained the earth salts. In early life they are thrown off; age has not power to do it. Hence, as blood is produced by assimilation of the food we eat, to this food we must look for the earthy accumulations which in time block up the system and bring on old age. It is thus seen that in the necessary elements of nutrition lurk the enemies of life, for food contains salts of a calcareous character. Does it then follow that man, by his careful selection of his daily food, may prolong his



YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.—CRATER OF A GEYSER NOT IN ACTION.

life? In a measure, yes. Bathing, pure air to live and sleep in, exercise and other means of preserving health, must be attended to, of course; but what we put into our mouths to make our blood is the important matter, either in retaining health or prolonging life. Almost everything we eat contains more or less of these elements for destroying life by means of calcareous salts deposited by the all-nourishing blood. Careful selection, however, may enable us to avoid the worst of them.

Paradoxical as it may sound, certain foods which we put into our mouths to preserve our lives, help at the same time to hurry us to the inevitable gate of the cemetery. Earth salts abound in the cereals, and bread itself, though seemingly the most innocent of edibles, greatly assists in the deposition of calcareous matter in our bodies. Nitrogenous food abounds in this element. Hence a diet made up of fruit principally, is best for people advancing in years, for the reason that being deficient in nitrogen, the ossific deposits so much to be dreaded are more likely to be suspended. Moderate eaters have in all cases a much better chance to a long life than those addicted to excesses of the table. Hence, to sum up: The most rational modes of keeping physical decay or deterioration at bay, and thus retarding the approach of old age, are avoiding all foods rich in the earth salts, using much fruit, especially juicy, uncooked apples, and by taking daily two or three tumblerfulls of distilled water with about ten or fifteen drops of dilluted phosphoric acid in each glassful.—*William Kinnear, in North American Review.*

The Geysers of the Yellowstone.

The geysers of Yellowstone National Park, in comparison with which their namesakes, the spouting springs in Iceland, called by the native islanders the gushers, sink into insignificance. The main geyser regions are two in number, and known as that on the Madison River, and that near Shoshone Lake. Besides these there are other minor basins, as the Gibbon, Norris and Heart Lake basins. In the first named localities, there are at least fifty geysers that throw up columns of water to heights varying from fifty feet to two hundred feet, while the number of spouting vents of all kinds amounts to thousands. The geysers on Fire Hole River—the Madison under another name—are grouped into three basins, known as the Lower, Midway and Upper basins, included in an area of thirty square miles. Of these, the Upper Basin is by far the most important, although the Lower Basin contains at least half a dozen interesting geysers, and the Midway Basin can boast of the Excelsior, the largest geyser ever known, with a huge crater two hundred feet by three hundred and thirty feet. From this vast cavity, filled with boiling water, rise dense clouds of steam, and when eruptions occur, the periodicity of which is long, the scene is awe-inspiring in the extreme, the prodigious column of water being hurled to heights varying from fifty to three hundred feet.

Various theories have been advanced by scientific men regarding the cause of geysers. The general cause, volcanic action, is admitted by all, the differences of opinion arising from the difficulty of explaining and proving the modus operandi. Bunsen's theory, though inadequate to account for all the phenomena exhibited in geyser action, is perhaps the nearest approach to a comprehensive explanation and is endorsed by Professors Tindall, Dana and many other eminent men. In July, 1846, Bunsen spent some time in studying the great geyser in Iceland, and devoted much thought to a solution of the problem. His theory may be thus simply expressed: He conjectures that the column of water in the geyser-tube, supplied by lateral drainage, communicates by means of a long and sinuous passage with some space—be it cavern, chamber, or any other kind of cavity—in the igneous rocks; that water by percolation has access to these spaces, and is subjected to the action of subterranean heat. Steam is generated and rises in the column of superincumbent water, which, being cooler, condenses it. The water in the sinuous channel, however, gradually becomes heated to the boiling point and condensation of the steam ceases, causing it to accumulate and acquire ever-increasing tension. Meantime, the water in the geyser-tube becomes heated till it is brought so near the respective boiling points corresponding to the different pressures under which its strata are, that a very slight commotion is sufficient to raise some particular layer to a position in the tube where its temperature would be in excess of that required to vaporize it. Under the straining of the subjacent bed of steam this finally occurs, and the result is a sudden and violent generation of steam, which, rushing up the tube, relieves the pressure and causes the generation of more steam. A succession of explosive escapes of steam takes place followed by the eruption which continues until the accumulation of steam below is relieved from tension by the expulsion of water and the reduction of its own volume by escape. Then ensues a period of quisecence which lasts until the inflow of fresh water has produced the necessity for another expulsion. The variety observed in the displays of geyser eruptions is caused by the conditions and quantity of the water supply and the different sizes, shapes, and constructions of the orifices, tubes and channels. In cases of such prodigious discharges of water as those which occur during the eruptions of the Excelsior and Giant geysers, vast subterranean reservoirs must exist and a large portion of their contents be expelled. The caldron or boiler in which the steam is generated must be a mighty one indeed. Speaking of the geyser basins in the Yellowstone Park, Professor Charles T. Whitwell remarked: Nowhere else, I believe, can be seen, on so grand a scale, such clear evidence of dying volcanic action. We seem to witness the death-throes of some great American Enceladus."—*The Californian Magazine.*



YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.—GRAND GEYSER IN ACTION.



A Summer Bath.

Put to a cup of sea salt one-half ounce of camphor and one-half ounce of ammonia in a quart bottle; fill the bottle with hot water and let it stand for twenty-four hours; then, when prepared to bathe with a sponge, put a teaspoonful of this mixture, well-shaken, into your basin. A surprising quantity of dirt will come from the cleanest skin. The ammonia cleanses, and the camphor and the sea salt impart a beneficial effect which cannot be exaggerated.

A Genuine Gentleman.

The exact qualities which distinguish the gentlemen are recognizable rather than definable. The basis of them all is genuineness, self-respect, and respect for others, consideration, and the love of truth, kindness, and goodness for themselves. It is doing to others as you would have them do to you, in itself the best definition of the essential quality of a gentleman to which we can point. This quality may be subdivided and extended indefinitely, but the essence is the interior spiritual grace. It is the fountain from which the whole come.—*New York Sun.*

How the Chinese Make Tea.

The Chinese think our way of making tea barbarous. They make and drink their tea differently from us. We draw our tea and let it stand. In China they pour boiling water into a cup and turn some tea into it, and when the leaves sink to the bottom, which happens in a few seconds, they pour the water off and drink it. The result of our way is that the tannin is squeezed out of the stewed tea leaves, and we get a strong and bitter decoction, which helps to wreck our nerves instead of the gentle stimulant that the Chinese beverage amounts to.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A Needed Improvement.

The next addition which will need to be made to the first-class modern office building will be a place to store bicycles. The bicycle has come into such favor in the last year or two with business men that it has become something of a problem what shall be done with them during business hours. They are not ornamental in an office, in a majority of buildings it is the rule not to carry them up and down on the passenger elevators, and are interdicted in the corridors. The first-class modern office buildings have every convenience except a place to store bicycles, and this will naturally follow. The older buildings will meantime be without this convenience, and so it is suggested that some enterprising individual fit up a central storage place where bicycles can be cared for at a nominal price. The bicycle is destined to come into more extended use. The makers expect to sell 300,000 of them this year, and the factories are finding it difficult to keep up with the demand. While this condition continues the price will remain high, but with new factories coming into existence, as they now are, competition is likely sooner or later to bring down the price and increase the number of wheels sold and in use.—*St. Paul Trade Journal.*

A Sermon From Nature.

When a small boy I used to play by a little stream whose cool waters were clear as crystal, and always refreshing even in the hottest weather. Some years since I visited the old home and about the first place I renewed acquaintance with was the old minnow stream where I had spent so many happy hours. But how changed! The little stream trickled a slender thread through the old bed it had filled entirely, and I was told that in very dry weather it failed altogether. The reason was apparent; the maple and sycamore trees that had covered the ground for acres around had disappeared, and the little threads of moisture that had combined to refresh the land had been shorn of protection and starved to death in their home. Many times have I since seen men whose natures had been slowly starved to death, even as the stream, because the small and secret springs had been bared to the scorching rays of a brazen worldliness.

It is with these cherished ideals, hidden from the gaze of the many, that we draw the strength which we need for the hard, dry work. Our bodies live by our daily toil, oft-times irksome, but the souls and spirits live in and for our ideals, and find rest in our hobbies. When riding them we are men, the equals of any, even though we be day laborers while earning our bread.—*The Colonel, in Minneapolis Spectator.*

Wasn't Posted.

The champion hired girl story is being told by a Duluth man just now visiting the city. He says that a few weeks ago his wife secured a new servant in the person of an uncouth damsel who had come to America in the very latest installment of immigrants.

"Olga," said the mistress to her one day, "I wish you would past this letter. Put it in the box on the post, you know."

The domestic took the missive and went out with it. In a few moments all the fire engines, hose carts and hook and ladder wagons of the Duluth fire department came rattlety-bang up the street prepared to extinguish the fire. They couldn't find the conflagration, for there was none, but on opening the fire-alarm box they found a letter therein, which, as it was not addressed to any member of the fire department, they concluded had been put there by mistake.

The servant, it seems, had discovered a fire-alarm box on a telegraph pole and, after inspecting it, had concluded that it was the "box on the post" of which her mistress had spoken and, therefore, the proper place to deposit the letter. As luck would have it the policeman on the beat had left his key sticking in the lock, thus furnishing the sagacious servant with a means of placing the letter inside.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

"Bad Copy."

"I've read," said an editor to a writer in the New York *Times*, "hundreds of rolled manuscripts, and I never yet have found one that I cared to print. I have decided that the stupidity which rolls a manuscript cannot produce anything worth reading." A rolled manuscript is a desperate thing, but there is another that is almost worse—the one that comes to you with the last page on top and the first page at the bottom. A manuscript was once sent to me arranged in this careless manner. There were five or six hundred pages of it. Do you know what I did with it? I sent it back to the author with a note in which I advised him, before he sent that manuscript further on its travels, to show sufficient interest in it to arrange the pages properly. I hope for his sake that he acted upon my advice. If he did not, I doubt that his tale ever got a hearing. Life is too short for the important things to be done as they should be, and it could never be long enough for one not only to do his own work properly, but to rectify the careless work of others. A rolled manuscript shows a thoughtless writer, but a manuscript arranged backwards shows a carelessness that is insulting to the person to whom it is sent, and argues ill for the intelligence of that writer. An attractive-lookfng manuscript goes a long way towards winning the favor of the "reader." Even if refused, it is refused with genuine regret; but a "reader" is only too glad to find the carelessly prepared manuscript as worthless as it looks.—*The Critic.*

A New Feathered Pet.

A new cage bird, the nonpareil, is fast securing a position among household pets that bids fair to prove a successful rivalship of the canary as a song bird, and in elegance of appearance, plumage and graceful motions, he is by nature far superior. He is a native of the South, being found in Florida, Louisiana, Texas and Mexico, but until recently has been known as a cage bird to a very few Northern homes. Thanks to the enterprise of a prominent bird fancier and dealer, Mr. Herman Roesch, 215 Market Street, St. Louis, Mo., the nonpareil is attainable by all who desire a loveable cage bird, one that will not only delight the ear, but the eye as well.

The nonpareil is the most beautiful of American finches. He is often called the "painted bunting," on account of his brilliant plumage. A well-known lover of birds, Mary Helen Boody, of Laconia, N. H., thus describes her nonpareil that, one of the first introduced into the Eastern States, has, like its fellows, proved perfectly hardy in the Northern climate. She says: "I have a beautiful specimen of the nonpareil, which at the present moment has a violet head and neck; a red circle around the eyes, the iris brown, the beak and feet brown, the upper part of the body yellowish green, the lower part of the back, the throat, chest, and whole under part of the body as well as the tail coverts of a bright red; the wing coverts are green, the quills reddish brown, tinged with green; the tail a reddish brown. He is about the size of a canary, and requires the same treatment. I feed him clear canary seed with which is mixed a little millet seed. He is very fond of flies. If I offer him one he darts across the cage to seize it, taking it from my hand, and when allowed to fly about the room will catch flies for himself. He is a delightfully social bird, and is very inquisitive, hopping about on my writing-desk examining everything he sees. When tired after his rapid flight across the room, he will perch himself before a mirror and warble away to his image reflected in the glass. He is fond of bathing, and would bathe in a pitcher or basin if I'd let him. But these are kept out of his reach when he is outside his cage, The song of the nonpareil is soft and agreeable and free from the shrill notes of the canary. He sings ten months in the year, ceasing only for the remaining two months, during the moulting period. I never had a bird that is easier kept. They do not obtain their full plumage until two years old, their color the first year being a plain green, and they breed as readily as canaries, and their cost is about the same."

Arithmetic No Longer Leads.

These facts about the decline of arithmetic as an educator were gathered from the principal of one of the Detroit public schools. What he said applies only to Detroit schools, though it would seem that the failure of what was ten years ago regarded as most important grammar school study might not be confined to the city limits of the place named. In the latter part of the '70s, and well along into the '80s, he says, the pupil who was quickest and surest in arithmetic was also the quickest and surest to gain the esteem and influence of the teacher.

He might be an ignoramus in geography, an undecipherable penman, slow to perceive the principle of grammar, and a miserable speller;

but if he grasped the point and pith of a catch problem in decimals or in fractions, his future promotion to a higher class was assured. But a change, gradual and sure, has been going on in the curriculum of the common school. The arithmetical despot has taken a seat in the rear, while the young fellow who seeks after real information in the form of history of lands, peoples and government, correct spelling and speech, now sits on a front bench. The human mind is unsettled in its youthful stage. It requires training, and the school exists only for this purpose.

Arithmetic was once supposed to be the best form of mind training. It brought into full play the powers of reason, and was placed first in importance. But experience proved that while the reason was to a certain extent exercised the memory was neglected. Again the longest time and hardest work were devoted to arithmetic, and the other studies were disregarded. With all of these concessions the arithmetic lesson was not more than half learned. To-day the pupil delves deeper into the more intellectual researches of civil government, grammar, geography and reading. He can tell you now something about the destinies of government and people that hinge about a Presidential election.

He takes an interest not only in the doings of Mayor Pingree in Detroit but of Mr. Cleveland at Washington, Mr. Gladstone in England, Senor Castelar in Spain, Premier Crispi in Italy and the young Emperor in Germany. He knows all about the late Hawaiian incident, and with delightful accuracy describes to you the location and importance of the islands, their climate, people and government. He has begun to read the standard authors, and with assurance that is attractive, because an evidence of a bright mind, he compares Thackeray, Scott and Dickens, and tells you where this one leads and the other lacks.—*Detroit Free Press.*



A SUMMER IDYL.—*After a painting by C. Chaplin.*

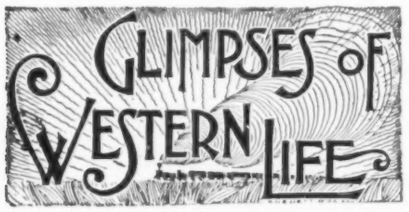
Common Eye Trouble.

Blurring of the sight is a symptom which generally causes considerable uneasiness, being regarded as a sign of failing power of the eyes. If a person's sight is at other times good, blurring for a few seconds need not occasion any uneasiness. It may generally be assumed as a temporary weakness, which will be recovered as soon as the eyes have well rested. This symptom is a frequent complaint of young girls who spend many hours at the piano. The eyes are particularly liable to strain while reading music, because exact vision is required to follow the notes.

What has been said in reference to blurring of the eyes may also be said of pain in the eyeball. It generally comes on after overtaxing the eyes. If it disappears, or is much less, after they have had a period of rest—as, for instance, after a night's sleep—and the sight is good, then it may be assumed that the pain is the consequence of strain of the eyes through overwork, or using the eyes under improper conditions, such as going without glasses when they are needed, or wearing glasses which are not properly adjusted, reading in a poor light, while lying in bed, etc.

The eyes of almost all children are tried too far. Those between eight and fourteen years of age ought not to use them in reading, sewing and the like, for more than three hours a day. A well-known specialist says that young people between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one ought to be able to learn all their lessons, write all their essays, practice all their music, in a period of five hours a day for five days out of the seven. Correct habits of study—that is to say, earnest attention to the work in hand, without dawdling—will certainly enable most youths of ordinary capabilities to do all their hard study in less than five hours a day. As to grown men and women, it is well nigh impossible, in the light of present knowledge, to correctly name the time that may be daily spent in the use of the eyes on near and small objects. Experience as to one's own capabilities, if regarded, will soon settle this question.

Did you ever smash your watch crystal just when you could not possibly replace it? When it happens again shake out the broken glass, open the little rim that holds it—the bezel—lay over the face a piece of tissue paper and shut the bezel. This will save the hands from catching in things and not interfere with the going.



An Ungallant Express Train.

A party of four arrived over from Nanaimo recently with the intention of going east on the Atlantic express. They were standing on the platform chatting when the train got under way. After the end of the train passed them, one of the party, a young lady, got down on the track and with bulging eyes looked at the express as it wound gracefully around the curve, and then in long drawn tones, said: "Why, it's gone!" Her air of injured innocence and surprise that the train had been so ungallant as to go away without her was so great, so real and refreshingly innocent that everyone in the big crowd on the platform was forced to laugh heartily.—*Vancouver (B. C.) World.*

Assorted Headgear.

These Japs who arrived recently were mostly youths, and some were of fair countenance. They all wore clothes of American cut, of many textures and colors; some grey, some black, some blue and brown, and one lad even had on an antiquated suit, half-clerical, half swallow tail in appearance, of good old-fashioned bottle green. But their headgear was the most striking. Thirty-one black heads were surmounted by thirty-one different kinds of hats, of all shapes, sizes, materials and colors. There was a hat of the style prevalent in Holland in the seventeenth century, and a facsimile of one George Washington is credited with wearing when he hacked the cherry tree; there was another such as you see in many old cuts of the crusaders, helmet shaped, the front forming a visor and the back a shield. And then besides there were "cow's breakfasts," an umbrella in themselves, and soft felts whose breadths would tickle the fawncy of the Englishman who wanted to be a cowboy. In short no such an aggregation of headgear was ever before seen on Bellingham Bay.—*Fairhaven (Wash.) Herald.*

The Bucking Broncho.

The following from the Calgary *Herald* gives an idea of what riders in Western Canada often have to put up with: "A combination of man and broncho created considerable excitement on Stephen Avenue the other evening. The broncho was a particularly vicious brute, and was possessed of a strong mania for bucking. The exhibition of the animal's prowess in this line was given in front of the Criterion. The man on its back was certainly no slouch, and he stuck to the beast manfully while it performed every species of devilment that a broncho is capable of. It stood on its front feet, and it reared upon its hind legs; jumped into the air with its back in the shape of a bow and twisted its body into a half circle before it struck the ground with a force that must have jarred the man considerably. The methods it adopted to unseat its rider were fully successful, and he was at last compelled to vacate the saddle, fortunately, however, sustaining no injury in the fall. Having accomplished this the horse struck and kicked viciously at all who approached it, and went careering down the avenue at a full gallop.

He Escaped.

The "kangaroo court" at Havre continues to get in its work on the bobos who infest that town, and it aids in clearing out that element, says the Fort Benton, Mont., *River Press.* Their latest practice was upon a bum who had lain around Havre drunk for two days. The bum was hauled up before the court, a judge appointed, the culprit found guilty and, at the suggestion of Justice McNally, was given sixty days. Accordingly he was placed in a room at the top of a three-story building, and the key turned on him. The hobo was barely able to comprehend, in his maudlin condition, what was transpiring, and as he grew a trifle sober, his first thought was to escape. Lowering himself from the window sill, he dropped to the roof of an addition, and rolling off, fell and alighted on the back of a lusty Cree squaw, who was bent over exploring the mysteries of a hotel swill barrel, and searching for deposits of succulent tenderloin. The dusty belle emitted one squawk ere her wind was cut off, while the hobo set sail for St. Paul, his mind filled with visions of pursuing police and sixty days in Fort Benton jail. The crowd watched him until nothing could be seen but a cloud of dust around the curve, and in the meantime the squaw filled a corner of her blanket with decomposed beefsteak and dripping biscuits, and wandered painfully to the teepee of her awaiting lord.

And There Was Weeping and Wailing.

Monday last proved to be a Waterloo for the mashers and Ward McAllisters of Neihart. The details are reported thusly: Monday's train bore a lady passenger, young and beautiful, with the daintiest of summer hats perched upon her little head. She was observed by the outpost of the Society Club, who, in accordance with his oath of office, reported the fact at headquarters, whereupon all the members donned their most gorgeous apparel and posted themselves in conspicuous places along Main Street. Their vigils were soon rewarded by seeing their divinity walking gracefully up from the Frisco Hotel with a small package under her arm. She passed each one with a pleasant smile and disappeared into a well-known dry goods store. The lady-killers casually dropped into the store one by one to examine neckties, etc. They secured an introduction, when the lady at once proceeded to unfold her package, which proved to consist of some copies of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, which paper she was traveling for. Several subscribed on the spot and the rest promised to do so. An old member of the club, however, made her the proposition that if she would remain over to the Miner's Union ball, he would guarantee her a subscriber for every time she danced. She begged time to consider the matter, and returned to her hotel.

Spies were at once placed about the hotel and it was found that she was in company with a strange gentleman. The register was searched, only to find the name of Mr. So-and-So and wife, St. Paul, registered thereon. McAllister staggered to the bar and took a shot of Mr. Roehl's "Old Crow," by way of a stimulant, seized his cane and hastened up town to tell the dreadful news. The effect was stunning to the little waiting band. Dudes swore. Dudelets smoked furiously, and married men gnashed their teeth. The atmosphere grew cold. Our social heroes took active steps to keep the subject out of the public press, and the lady took the train the next day.—*Neihart (Mont.) Herald.*

Butte's Wealthy Paupers.

Butte is the greatest mining camp on earth, and she can also lay claim to having the most unique poor farm from Alfred to Omaha, "as the feller says." Butte's poor-farm uniqueness consists in its ability to turn out bloated millionaires on the shortest notice. The fact is brought to mind by the suit of Largey vs. McDonald, which was before the district court a few weeks ago. McDonald is an inmate of the county poor farm, and owed Largey a sum of money, hence the suit. A suit against a pauper to recover money may sound strange to outsiders, but here in Butte it is well to be on the safe side, especially as the pauper of to-day may be a capitalist of to-morrow. Among several cases of this kind coming to our notice that of Mrs. Dodge, who died at the poor-farm about a year ago, is a notable one. Mrs. Dodge, according to one of our rural contemporaries, was a neice of Coleman, the fruit canner of California, and was heir to $8,000,000—a mere bagatelle in the eyes of the aforesaid R. C. Mrs. Dodge placed her case in the hands of several lawyers, but somehow the money was not forthcoming. Another case was that of an inmate who died leaving a will bequeathing $10,000 to a saloon keeper of this city. Another case was that of a woman inmate who died possessed of valuable quartz claims in this district, several of which she willed to the county physician and the matron of the farm. The instances mentioned are not solitary cases, and in any other place than the greatest mining camp on earth, would cause considerable excitement—here, where millionaires and paupers jostle each other without knowing which is which, it does not cause more than a passing comment. Here's to Butte! the copper-bound foundation of God's silver foot-stool, the city with the greatest mines, the best paid laborers, most prosperous homes, open-hearted men, lovely women, and last, but not least, the wealthiest gang of paupers ever congregated together under the canopy of heaven.—*Butte (Mont.) Bystander.*

He Caught the Train.

A story which is convulsing with laughter every railroad man in the whole State of Montana, who has heard it, was told to a Minneapolis *Tribune* man recently. The butt of the laugh is a well known official of the Great Northern Railway.

From Butte to Helena the tracks of the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific run side by side for miles together, each taking the same curves around the base of the same mountains and jogging along in genial companionship. About half-way to Helena, running from Butte, the Great Northern plunges into an obstructing mountain, and runs through a tunnel nearly a mile long. The Northern Pacific here leaves the Great Northern and instead of passing through a tunnel winds about, twisting and turning, reversing itself a dozen times, until one imagines, as he stands upon the rear platform, that he sees a dozen different railroads, instead of but one. The grade is extremely steep. From the top of the decline one can see the track five different times, each track being from twenty to seventy-five feet below the one above it.

A few weeks ago an Eastern official had occasion to go to Butte from Helena, and as the Northern Pacific train was the first to leave he boarded it. The official was upon an important mission and he could ill conceal his indignation when he found that the train was losing time. Sitting next to the window he turned his contracted brows outward and gazed discontentedly at the wonderful scenery. Looking down, he suddenly espied almost directly below him 100 feet another track. He remembered that the Great Northern ran parallel with the Northern Pacific and that the latter's train to Butte would soon be along. So without a word he pulled the bell cord, clambered off the car, and made an uncomfortable climb down the 100-foot cliff. He sat down upon the end of a tie to wait. Fully twenty minutes passed and no train; twenty-five minutes, and he heard a whistle and a locomotive burst upon him around a curve. The official whirled his hat and the train stopped. Climbing onto a coach, he pitched his satchel into a seat with a sigh of satisfaction. However, as he glanced up, an apparition was before him in the

person of the conductor he had seen but twenty-five minutes before on the Northern Pacific train.

"What on earth are you doing here?" inquired the bewildered official.

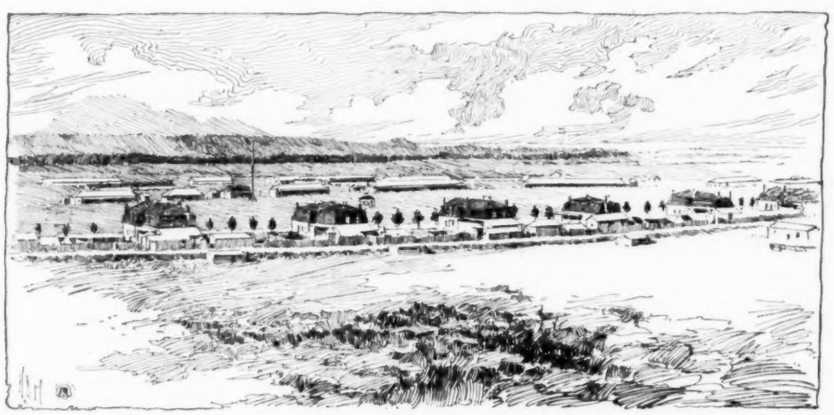
"Same as I was a half-hour ago, coming down the grade on this same train and saw you sitting in the same seat where you are now."

The entire coach load of passengers was onto the joke, and the official sent the newsboy out for a box of cigars.

Life at a Military Post.

A correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* writes from Fort Keogh, Mont:

The soldier's life in the far West is not only a happy one, but it is also very pleasant and somewhat exciting. The daily routine of a frontier fort is quite interesting. In the first place, a plains fort is no fort at all; it is simply a collection of houses and buildings set down on the



A TYPICAL WESTERN MILITARY POST.

prairie or on the crest of some high bluff, with no bastions, walls, stockade, nor defense of any kind, and might better be termed a small settlement than a fort. Select a diamond-shaped piece of ground, say 400x400 yards square; on two sides build substantial quarters for the officers, and on the other two sides, rows of barracks for the enlisted men. Erect stables, a hospital, guard-house, post trader's store (the latter has now been generally superseded by what is known as the canteen or post exchange), a clubroom for officers, another for the enlisted men, a most excellent and complete hospital for the sick, with capable doctors and attentive nurses in constant attendance, a bakery, reading room, gymnasium, and bathing-rooms, and the picture is complete.

At regimental headquarters a fine band is stationed, and, in consequence, once or twice a week hops and dances are available for both officers and enlisted men. At the post exchange light wines, beer and cider are sold at almost cost prices, but no whiskey is, under any pretense, allowed for sale within the limits of the garrison. In the billiard-rooms a nominal charge of five cents a game is made, the receipts merely sufficing to pay the attendants and keep the place in repair. Should any profit whatsoever above the expenses be made, the gain is divided pro rata among the organizations serving at the post.

The soldier gets $13 per month pay, an increase of $1 for the third year, $2 for the fourth, and $3 for the fifth; also additional renumeration if promoted corporal, sergeant, or artificer. Besides this, if worked as a carpenter, plasterer, or mechanic of any kind, he receives what is called extra duty pay; then must be included board, lodging, clothing, schooling, medical attendance, and various other perquisites.

Guard duty is about the hardest service in the army, and to this the soldier is eligible about one day in every six or seven. Two roll-calls a day, reveille and retreat (tattoo has been done away with, but in its place has been substituted a check roll-call at 11 p. m.). If a cavalryman, stables twice a day, drills usually two or three times a week, and dress parade every evening, weather permitting. Target practice is held during two months at the best seasons of the year, when enlisted men and officers alike qualify at the different ranges for the grades of marksman and sharp-shooter. As a general rule, those companies of any regiment serving west of the the Mississippi River are supplied with two shot-guns each and a certain allowance of powder, shells, wads and shot, which are intended for hunting purposes. Any man in any company, whenever he feels so inclined, if not detailed on some duty, can amuse himself by knocking over jack rabbits, bagging sage hens quail and prairie chickens galore, or of missing as many shots as he wants to. Tours of detached service are simply picnics, and no man would stay in a garrison if he had half a chance to get out and go off over the prairie for detached service of any kind.



TARGET PRACTICE AT A WESTERN MILITARY POST.

We catch all sorts of material for soldiers—men of all nationalities and all climes. They come to us as bright as meteors and as verdant as unripe cucumbers, but no matter how ignorant or green a recuit may be at the time of joining, he usually leaves the army well satisfied with his five years of discipline and experience, and also a fine marksman.

In our service the training of a soldier to be a fine shot is the principal object, while as a rule most European armies neglect this important adjunct of a military man's career, depending more on numbers and volley firing than on individual skill. As for the commissioned officer, he is as hard worked as the private soldier. I know the general impression is that the commissioned branch have a good, easy time of it, with nothing to do but play cards and draw their pay. As a matter of fact more than nine-tenths of the officers in the army to-day fairly earn every cent of their pay, and more, too.

There is one drill practiced by a cavalry troop at this post which is not only useful and instructive, but also decidedly interesting to witness. Out on the prairie have been erected numerous posts the height of an ordinary man from his feet up to his shoulders. A number of large leathern balls, the size of a man's head, and filled with straw, are placed on the posts before drill commences. Now the troopers are hauled up in line and each individual is set to work cutting off the various leathern heads from the posts. When a man's turn comes he draws his saber, the command is given, and away he goes at a mad dash down upon the enemy, cutting off the first head with a down stroke, the next one with a back sweep, and a third is slashed on the crown or decapitated in some way. Of course it is ridiculous to see the recruits first practice these maneuvers, but the raw-boned greeny becomes an expert after awhile, and has his laugh in turn on others why succeed him as the butt of ridicule. The drill also includes firing blank charges with revolvers at the heads, the sharp concussion of the explosion generally blowing the heads off, if the aim chances to be a good one.

The bump of fun is an exceedingly large one in the average soldier of the line. Young men in the prime of manhood, of fine physique and generally perfect in every way, look upon the term of enlistment as a sort of task, and propose to get as much amusement and fun out of the five years as possible. Their devices for getting out of drill and other duties are of every description.

Whiskey is the soldier's weakness. Should a post be a thousand miles from civilization, stringent orders be in force for forbidding liquor on the reservation, and every possible means taken to prevent its introduction and use, still the average soldier will, in some way or other, have his toddy in spite of every obstacle. He's bound to get in some way. The greatest trial of the officer of the day is to keep whiskey away from the prisoners and out of the guardhouse, but it is impossible of accomplishment, for they certainly get it in some manner and whenever they want it. Whiskey has been discovered being smuggled inside of loaves of bread when food was brought to the prisoners. A sentry might fill the barrel of his musket with liquor and walk his post smelling awfully like rum, but never be found out. Prisoners returning from work under charge of the guard, carrying stable brooms over their shoulders, have had a flask or two concealed in the bulky part of the broom, and yet escape discovery.



Grains of Wheat in a Bushel.

E. J. Northcutt, the man who gained so much notoriety on account of the mammoth yield of 101 bushels of wheat on one acre of his farm near this city, has completed the tiresome task of counting the grains in a bushel; he says there are 726,000.—*Pullman (Wash.) Tribune.*

His Occupation.

Some time ago in Minneapolis a witness on the stand was asked what his occupation was. He was a man who had property in several places which he was trying to manage, but it did not occur to him to state that he had any specific business just now; so he answered that he had been a logger. "But what is your occupation now?" persisted the lawyer. Musing a moment, he answered, "Well, I am a tax-payer!" It was satisfactory.

Doing Her Share.

"Your husband is the editor of the *Bugle*, I believe?" said the neighbor who had dropped in to make a friendly call.

"Yes."

"And as you have no family and have considerable leisure on your hands you assist him now and then in his editorial work, I dare say?"

"Oh, yes," answered the brisk little wife of the editorial man, hiding her strawberry-stained fingers under her apron, "I edit nearly all his inside matter."—*Commercial Advertiser.*

Don't Swear—Whistle.

"I always whistle when I'm angry," said a well-known business man at Parker's the other day. "It's a great help to a gentleman. The true gentleman never speaks discourteously; he may have occasion to reprove stupidity, folly or vice, but he does so in choice English—not in the English of the slums. Now, if a man will quietly whistle just 'below his breath,' as they say, when he is irritated, it will be of great assistance as a 'counter irritant,' and will not infrequently prevent an explosion which may cause its author shame and humiliation when his temper has subsided."—*Boston Journal.*

Granting of Patents.

There are four systems now in force for the granting of patents: 1, the American, in which the patent is granted after a rigid examination into novelty; 2, the British, in which the invention is advertised and the grant is subject to opposition; 3, the German, which is a sort of compromise between the American and British, involving both an examination and an appeal to opposition, and 4, the French, which involves neither an examination nor public opposition, but is a registration merely. All the patent laws of the world can be included in some one of these systems, or partake of their features.—*Inventive Age.*

A Feline Charmer.

On Saturday the tables were turned on a rattlesnake in the yard near the county jail. Jailer Lund saw a large black cat moving cautiously toward an object in the grass, and upon investigating, found the animal was approaching a large rattlesnake. In this instance, however, it was the reptile, not the animal, which was charmed into helplessness and unable to move. Procuring a poker, Lund's first move was to drive the cat away, and then he struck the snake a slight blow; but it had not recovered from the effects of the charm and was unable to move. The jailer then despatched it. Generally it is the reptile which exerts the influence, but on this occasion the animal's magnetism was the most powerful. —*Ft. Benton (Mont.) River Press.*

Just for Luck.

A pompom was held by 300 Yakima Indians the other day to propitiate the Great Spirit and induce him to grant a big run of salmon. The *Republic* says: "The way they sang, hopped, shouted, danced, beat tin kettles, etc., was a caution. A large crowd of spectators graced the occasion, and all of there are loud in their assertions that if the dance don't bring the longed-for salmon they can't say what will."

Return of the Salmon Fishers.

As the fishing fleet was on its way home yesterday afternoon, a most beautiful picture was presented. From Sand Island to Tongue Point the bay was dotted here and there with boats hurrying home, while now and then the rays of Old Sol would descend upon the white sails and brighten the scene. When passing Flavel's dock five of the boats had an interesting race, and for several minutes their prows were in a line and their speed equal. The difference in the number of salmon on board soon told, however, and while those that were comparatively light forged ahead, the lighter hearts of the owners of the heavier laden boats served to make them content.—*Astorian.*

The Development of the Girl.

When a girl of sweet sixteen appears on the street she has a cute, pert way of walking and tossing her head as though she owned the earth and was going to the middle of the next block to get it. After she is eighteen the world she owns is about as far away as the World's Fair is to most of us, and at twenty she gives up all hope of getting it at all. By the time she is twenty-five, poor thing! she has a faint, vague suspicion that there is a great deal of insincerity in the world, and the thing for her to do is to get a position and do something useful. After a while she gets married to a man who is not at all the sort of a man she dreamed of. Then she concludes she would be better off in heaven!—*Wahpeton (N. D.) Globe.*

Know Thyself.

To a large extent a man must be a law unto himself in regard to the care of his body as well as in other matters. Just as no two men are alike mentally or spiritually so no two men have the same physical qualities or capacities. What is meat for one is often poison to another. And for that reason the man who is his own physician in a general way has a much better chance to arrive at correct conclusions with regard to his own condition and needs than the doctor who only sees him once or twice in a year. The man who can observes the effects of different foods or habits upon his physical organism every day and all day long whereas the doctor has to take his observations chiefly at second hand and in a very summary manner.

Canadian Annexation.

The most potent factor working to-day for Canadian annexation is the direct and indirect influence of the Canadian-Americans. These constitute a large and increasing ratio of the population of the New England States and the American Northwest, and as a rule, particularly in the Northwest, they are progressive, intelligent and influential citizens. Almost to a man the Canadian-Americans favor annexation, on the one hand as a source of relief to a tax-burdened and poorly governed people in their parent country, and on the other as an advantage in a commercial and political way to their foster land. Their influence is felt both among Americans and with their former friends and neighbors in Canada.—*Superior Telegram.*

Geographies Needed.

A couple of years ago the London *Times*, with unpardonable ignorance, said something about "the State of Chicago" and her industries; and recently another English journal located Texas in the "Southern States of South America." Now comes the *Journal of Commerce*, published at Melbourne, Australia, with comments on the January number of *The Lumberman*. The figures are all right, but when our Australia contemporary starts out with "the lumber output of Washington County," we are rather put out. Washington is one of the United States, and not a county of the United Counties. A few geographies judiciously distributed would come in about as handy in the foreign countries as an ice-house in Gehenna, if one may use the simile.—*Puget Sound Lumberman.*

Yankee Gall.

The Portland *Oregonian* says: J. DeWitt Butts, of Ashland, some time ago advertised for sale his farm seven miles south of that city. The other day he received a letter from a Connecticut Yankee who wanted to buy. The writer said he liked the place and location from what he had heard of it, but was too busy to come out and see it just now, and didn't have any money that he could spare just at present; but if Mr. Butts would sell him the place, and then just hold it as security for the whole price, and would hire some one to work it this season and harvest the crops and pay all expenses, then he would come out next fall and make a payment on the place from the proceeds of the crops. This was a pretty close call for a sale, but Mr. Butts still owns the farm.

A Prophetic Hymn.

A Congregational church was dedicated at West Superior, Wis., the pastor reading a hymn of his own composition for the occasion. In view of subsequent events, the hymn must have been somewhat prophetic, as it contained the following inflammatory lines:

Though eye may not thy form discern,
Reveal thyself in hearts that burn.
* * * * * * * *
May ever on its altar shine
Thy pure and holy fires divine.
* * * * * * * *
Be kindled with celestial light
To give thee fitting praise this night.

Nobody knows who did the kindling, but two hours after the close of the ceremonies the new church took fire and was entirely consumed. The pastor probably feels much like the minister who prayed for rain and went home to find that a load of hay that he had left outside his barn had been drenched by a shower. He didn't know that his invocation was loaded.

Aluminum as an Industrial Metal.

Aluminum is gaining a place among the industrial metals. Lately there has appeared in the show-windows of fancy-goods stores a variety of articles made from aluminum. In appearances these goods are little, if any, inferior to silver articles, and they are less liable to tarnish from the action of sulphur gases. The metal is well adapted for numerous things in common use, such as pocket match-safes, cigar-cases, pencil-cases, and even watchcases. It will be more and more used for these and other purposes as time advances. One of the disabilities that has prevented its more rapid introduction into various industries has been the lack of suitable solders for joining it after it has been reduced to required forms. According to an article in the

Engineering Magazine, however, several recipes for solders for aluminum working have lately been brought out, which promise to be of great value to the various trades in which aluminum finds a use.

Where Caviar Comes From.

August Brudheimer, an agent of the Hamburg firm of S. Schmidt & Co., caviar packers, was in Minneapolis recently, returning from the Pacific Coast, where he has been to purchase sturgeon eggs to be shipped to Hamburg and manufactured into caviar. Mr. Brudheimer states that the bulk of the caviar used in this country is manufactured in Germany from eggs produced in Minnesota and on the Pacific Coast. Of this a large proportion comes from the Lake of the Woods fisheries. Mr. Brudheimer says the secret of the manufacture of caviar is not known in this country. The eggs are shipped over to Europe, manufactured in bond and shipped back here free of duty, barring the duty on the cans in which the eggs are packed. It might be manufactured here, he says, but for the American predilection for a foreign stamp on the goods.—*Tribune.*

Where Conditions Favor the Law.

Wahpeton and Grand Forks have experienced but little trouble in enforcing the prohibition law. The reason is probably because of the short distance to points where liquor is sold at retail, and the ease with which liquor is obtained in bulk. Brewers' agents are on the streets soliciting orders every hour of the day. They bring beer in small kegs and cases, and the charges are so reasonable that a small amount of money buys a great deal of beer. In Bismarck, Jamestown, Valley City, Dickinson, Mandan, Grafton and Pembina liquor is openly sold because there is a big demand for it, and the demand can't be supplied so handily as in Wahpeton and Grand Forks. In those cities where liquor is sold at retail in so-called blind pigs, a system of monthly fines has been adopted, and the cities reap a good revenue from the evil. The *Globe* does not believe in licensing crime, but we do believe in making the best of an evil forced on the cities by the country districts, and against which the cities have no protection, and must bear all the burdens.—*Wahpeton (N. D.) Globe.*

The Flickertail State.

I learned the other day why the North Dakotan is dubbed a "flickertail." Many reasons have been assigned, and much speculation indulged in by the uninitiated as to why and wherefore, but the man responsible for it was Frank J. Thompson, of Fargo, a member of the first State legislature, and though I don't believe he was ever in the implement business, he should have been, to afford his genius proper scope. It seems that his active mind, in seeking a distinctive name for the natives of his chosen State, discovered that a little creature known as the flickertail gopher is endemic to that State. He at once introduced a resolution in the house, christening every child born in the State with the name "flickertail," to be applied as like epithets are applied in other States. It will be noted that the genuine flickertail is one born in Dakota, through the honor is conferred upon all residents indiscriminately. While the resolution was subsequently expunged from the official records, the name thus evolved has ever since stuck to the people, and probably will forever.—*Minneapolis Farm Implements.*

Lead Pencil Cedar in Washington.

There is a prize in store for all lovers of forestry and botany who have not yet visited the Washington State building at the World's Fair. In the midst of the great collection of tree sections, botanical specimens and other exhibits from the woods of the State is a good sized section of highly polished lead pencil cedar, just as fragrant as a new box of pencils. The tree shows a diameter of a little over one foot, and the grain of the wood is even and soft, just such as is best suited for lead pencil wood. This specimen has attracted the attention of Moriz Von Hardtmuth, a pencil maker of Austria, who, with the aid of an interpreter, has been making careful inquiry about the best way to secure a cargo of this wood for shipment to his factories. This particular tree is not very plentiful in the Puget Sound Country, but there are a good many groves on the islands comprising the San Juan archipelago. It was at first supposed to belong to the tribe of cypress, and in consequence one of the islands in that famous group was named Cypress Island on account of the beautiful groves of this valuable wood found on its shores.—*Chicago Lumberman.*

He Was From Arkansaw.

We have known many natives of the States of Missouri and Arkansas who were the salt of the earth, whereas natives of classic Boston have been known to wear garments striped horizontally; yet the former must submit to much good-natured but none the less irritating banter from their intimates because of their activity, while the Bostonian nonentity or hobo walks with a halo about his head, as it were—a sort of borrowed or reflected light from the few really beautiful and luminous spirits which inhabit, or have inhabited, that illustrious city.

Mr. W. B. Heyburn, the noted mining lawyer, once had in his employ a stenographer who was a native of Arkansas. The young man, though an estimable person and a good stenographer, had been twitted so much upon the fact of his having been born in Arkansas that he had become abnormally sensitive upon the subject. When he made application to Mr. Heyburn for employment nothing was said upon this delicate topic, and some months had elapsed before the following sprightly conversation took place:

"By the way, Mr. Blank, you did not tell me what State you are from."

"Oh, I'm from down South," replied the young man, evasively.

"What part of the South?"

"Oh, from near Texas."

"But from what State?"

"Well"—shouted the youth, hotly, "Arkansaw; now laugh, d—n you!"

And the lawyer laughed so long and loud that he overlooked the somewhat irreverent and profane exclamation which the native of Arkansaw let slip in his wrath.—*Spokane Outburst.*

A Tall Man's Gallantry.

One bitter cold day last winter, says the Minneapolis *Tribune*, a large sized section of wind of the eager and nipping Winnipeg variety swooped down on Hennepin Avenue in search of such back-numbered and stray whiskers as it might devour, while the conductors on the street cars rubbed their ears in fond anticipation of the warm stoves and piping hot soup which awaited them after the next relief. On the corner of Fourth and Hennepin there stood a tall man with brown chin whiskers, and considering the shiny silk hat and lack of ear muffs he didn't look any too comfortable as the chilly five degrees below zero blast caressed the northern slope of his manly profile. Alongside of this tall and handsome man, stood a shop girl who drew her scanty wraps a little tighter and shivered from the cold, while both were evidently awaiting with impatience the coming of their car. Pretty soon a Lyndale Avenue car hove in sight, and the tall man motioned the motoneer to stop. As the car came to a standstill the shop girl advanced, it being her car, too, and as though it were the middle of summer and the finest lady in the land, the tall gentleman touched his hat and with gallantry that would have done honor to Sir Walter Raleigh, he assisted the girl to the inside of the crowded car and afterwards took a position on the platform himself. The tall gentleman was Thomas Lowry, president of the road. All of which goes to show that while the sleighing is good and with horses galore, the every-day street car of the people is good enough for him, to say nothing of the nice lesson in gallantry.

Washington's Miniature Farm at the Exposition.

The World's Fair correspondent of an Eastern exchange writes: This has been called the Model City, and such, indeed, it is. It is also a city of models. To my mind there is nothing in the Fair more interesting than the models of great buildings, of famous engineering works, of farms and cities which are displayed in various parts of the grounds. Hundreds of these miniatures are to be found here. The gem of them all, I think, is the model of a farm shown in the Washington State building. It is a graphic representation of farming as it is done in the great West. A space probably sixty feet square is covered by it, and you may be sure great crowds of delighted visitors are always found here. The farm is more perfect than a picture. There are a dozen fields, the grain and grass growing in them. In the pastures the cattle and colts are feeding, in the fields men and machinery are harvesting the ripe crops. The soil is real soil, the grain real grain, the fences are real fences, the machines actual machines, but all on a miniature scale. A perfect little self-binder that you could hold in your two hands is cutting the wheat. A boy follows to stack up the bundles into shocks.

In the adjoining field a Western header is at work, cutting off the tops of luxuriant oats. Wagons carry the rich products to a steam threshing machine in operation at the edge of the field. Not far away one man is plowing with a riding plow, and near him another man is following the furrow behind a walking plow of the old style. All the details of this farm scene are admirably executed. Along the country road drives a farmer in his wagon, his sturdy horses kicking the dust, and his own eyes, farmer-like, critically inspecting the fields of his neighbor. Where the fences sub-divide the farm into fields, there are fringes of heavy grass and rank weeds, with a few flowers showing their bright hues in the mass, just as the fence-corners are in all Christendom. A boy with a pony is carrying cold water from the spring to refresh the workers in the harvest field. There is even a snake—a green harmless, pretty thing—in the grass. One imagines he can hear the click-click of the mowing machine in the clover, or the hum of the steam thresher at the edge of the oats field. Surely the water-boy is whistling or singing.

Of course the farm house, barn and the outbuildings are there, too. They are like life. The dog in the dooryard is wagging his bushy tail and smiling with his red mouth at the visitors to the World's Fair. The milch cow stands in the shade of a blooming peach tree, chewing her cud. Water runs from the spigot of the pump that is operated by a miniature windmill. The stream that is fed by the springs and runs through the barnyard, is a stream of natural water. This is a model which brings to four visitors out of five, visions of the old farm on which their youthful days were passed—visions of toil and happiness, of communion with nature and lessons of industry, economy and honor well learned. It is a miniature worth seeing, for it not only pleases the eye and informs the mind, but stirs the imagination. Everywhere in this world I take off my hat to the farmer. To the genius who designed and constructed this most perfect of models, I offer my congratulations.

WISCONSIN'S FORESTRY EXHIBIT.

Prominent among the exhibits in the Forestry building is that of Wisconsin. The booth which contains the display of woods is situated in the northeast portion of the building, and is built somewhat after the Greek style of architecture and from its simplicity alone commends itself. The roof is supported by twenty octagon columns, each being of six different woods, finished in hard oil; the framing is the ordinary old-fashioned truss, made of pine and fastened with mortise and pins, whilst the roof is of white pine and birch covered with white birch bark and decorated with a cresting of pine cones.

Seventy different woods are here on exhibition, and among that number many that are very beautiful, as well as others that can hardly be used for ordinary purposes. Of those that attract the most attention and are the most useful, may be mentioned the following: The hyslop crab (pyrus), a section of which, although cut in midwinter, has, since it has been placed in position, thrown out several shoots which are nearly six inches long and of a bright green color; these tiny shoots, although small, offer a bright and pleasing contrast to the surrounding dull browns and greys of the different barks, rendering the specimen conspicuous, and attracting general notice. Side by side we find the water elm (ulmus Americanna), practically a valueless wood, and the rock elm (ulmus Rasemosa) or American hickory, one of the most useful of our woods, and which is found invaluable for all kinds of bent-wood stocks.

A little to the left we turn to admire the beautiful bark of the white birch (betuna alba). Nature has been lavish in the decoration of the covering of this tree, which, aside from its beautiful color, curls in many fantastic shapes over the entire surface. Near the above, one has an opportunity to compare, from their close proximity, two huge logs of yellow and black or cherry birch, the botanical name of the last two being the same, (betula latea), as also the grain and appearance of the woods when finished. There is, however, a difference in the covering or bark, as yellow birch resembles somewhat that of the common Southern pine, being in large scales and roughly seamed, though not of the of the same reddish color. Black birch is darker than the yellow, smoother and more regularly seamed, and is covered with little pieces like that of the white birch. Both are valuable furniture woods, and are much used for interior finishing.

Immense blocks of butternut (juglaus cinerea), cottonwood, soft maple, blue oak, hemlock, quaking asp, and many others are arranged in artistic profusion. Apropos of the quaking asp (populus tremulus), a wood greatly used for paper pulp and by many thought to be fit for that purpose only, beautiful specimens can here be seen to which have been imparted a high and beautiful finish, and it is clearly demonstrated that this eminently useful wood can take its place among the many others used for inside decoration, and the probabilities are that at no very distant date it will be used for that purpose.

Wisconsin has its share of large trees also, as is testified by showing a section of pine fifty-six inches in diameter, taken from a tree at a height of twenty-four feet from the ground. Surely it requires no great flight of the imagination to picture this forest giant, for giant it is, though not of the immensity of some that her sister States of the Northwest can bring forward. However, who can dispute its claim to gigantic proportions?

Next we have brought to our notice a block of tamarack thirty inches in diameter, and which was taken from what was, undoubtedly, one of the largest trees of its kind; beautiful birdseye maple, the curly grain of which there is no doubt that most of us have seen and admired, is here found in abundance, both in its rough and unfinished state, and which for decorative work, inside finishing and furniture, occupies a very high place in the market of valuable woods. What serves well to illustrate how impossible it is to unite two different natures is a section of elm and basswood, which have become locked in a tight embrace and yet have remained intact; by some cause the basswood has grown across the fork or Y of the elm in an almost horizontal position, while the growth of the elm upward caused the basswood to rest on the elm; not being able to throw aside the weight, the elm has grown completely around the basswood; nevertheless, close as they are together, one can easily distinguish how distinctly separate the two trees are, and that the nature of neither of them has in any way been effected. How different are the two common sugar maples which we also see here, that though originally nearly two feet apart at the base, have been brought together and now stand united at the height of five feet, forming one trunk whose diameter is nearly double that of either of the lower portions.

The forests of Wisconsin are one of the greatest sources of wealth possessed by that State. They have built cities like Oshkosh, Eau Claire, Chippewa Falls and Menominee, and are the support of hundreds of thriving villages. Wisconsin's products are far from being exhausted and her hardwood belts are only just beginning to yield up their store of material for building and furniture uses and for the wood that goes into a multitude of tools and implements. L.

MINNESOTA'S FORESTRY EXHIBIT.

There are several curiosities in the Minnesota forestry exhibit at the World's Fair. One is a piece of cedar log which was unearthed on the banks of the Mississippi near Minneapolis, over which a willow tree about one hundred years old had grown. The cedar, notwithstanding its extreme age, does not show any signs of decay. Another interesting specimen is the trunk of an enormous cottonwood tree, planted by Hoyt Devlin, in the town of St. Anthony in 1855. During its existence it made an average growth of one inch per year, measuring, when cut, thirty-eight inches in diameter. A box elder, the largest tree ever grown in the State, is another feature, and by its side stands a plank made from a red cedar tree, measuring eighteen inches in width. A fine specimen of a shell-bark hickory, a tree supposed to be rare as far West as Minnesota, is shown, set off by some of the finest specimens of polished and rough bird's-eye maple. There are also four varieties of oak in various forms and stages. The collection also includes the finest specimens of cultivated black cherry, black walnut, butternut, diamond willow and soft maple. The exhibit is, on the whole, one of the most creditable and beautifully designed of any State display.—*Minneapolis Lumberman.*

WASHINGTON CEDAR SHINGLES.—The shingle industry of the State of Washington is remarkable, when it is considered that it is but a few years old. There are over 250 shingle mills in operation in this State to-day, whose combined capacity is 12,000,000 shingles daily. It is but second to the State of Michigan, where the manufacture of shingles has gone on for the past thirty years. From Rand, McNally & Co.'s new directory the *Lumberman* learns that the latter State has 344 shingle mills, capable of turning out 16,517,000 shingles per day. But while Michigan has more shingle mills than Washington, her mills are not so large, the largest having a daily capacity of but 250,000 shingles. There are several mills on Puget Sound which can turn out over 400,000 shingles a day, and quite a number are capable of turning out 250,000.—*Puget Sound Lumberman.*

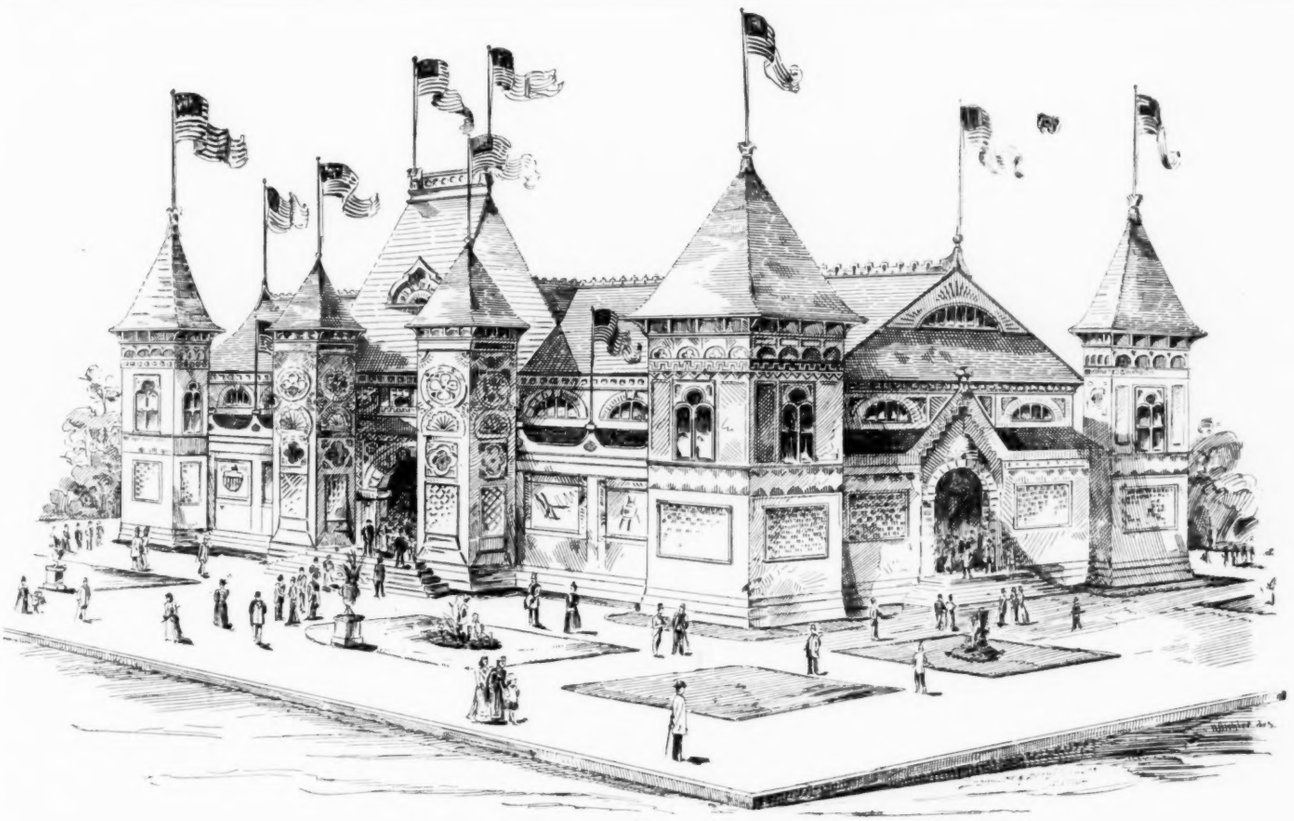
SPOKANE AS A MINING CENTER.

At home and abroad it is generally conceded that the route to speedy, great and permanent prosperity for Spokane lies directly through the development and utilization of her tributary mineral territory. This statement can not be successfully disputed for many reasons, but chiefly because no other industrial line can be so quickly developed up to the employment of an equal number of workmen at equally remunerative wages. A number of important and most prosperous cities in the world owe everything to mineral development, and the resources of that character surrounding Spokane surpass in extent, richness, accessibility and general desirability the combined capabilities of them all. No intelligent, fair-minded observer can visit Butte, Mont., Denver and Leadville, Colo., or any one of a dozen other mining centers without reaching a fixed and unqualified conclusion that the lead-silver ores of the Cœur d'Alenes, the silver-lead ores of the Kootenai Region, the gold-copper ores of Trail Creek, the gold, silver, lead and copper ores of Boundary Creek, the gold and silver ores of Okanogan and the yet more convenient silver, lead and copper ores of Stevens County, all naturally tributary and each year more closely united to Spokane by rail facilities, are not only equal to the creation and support of a city here exceeding the combined greatness of the places named, but that the good work must ultimately and might right speedily be done.

Under this statement of facts it is encouraging to note that, in spite of the temporarily tight times, and the depressed condition of the silver mining industry, much development is under way. In the vast ore bodies at Trail Creek exploitations are now being made upon the result of which hangs not only the investment in the near future of hundreds of thousands of dollars in the erection of works and construction of branch rail facilities, but the employment—at wages ranging from $3 per day upwards—of hundreds of men, all from the development and operation of a single group of mines. On Boundary Creek development work has been steadily continued through the past year and the force of miners employed in the recently discovered Elkhorn "bonanza" is being increased as fast as room can be made underground. Prominent St. Louis people having become interested in the latter camp to an extent that will warrant thorough investigation by them, renders probable the employment of vast capital in development and realization of the rich capabilities of that district. In the Rock Creek district active operations will speedily be resumed on very rich gold properties owned by Spokane and Portland people, and in the Fairview camp the big English company is rapidly extending its mineral and milling operations. South of the international boundary in Okanogan County more machinery for gold and silver ore crushing was introduced last year than in any other district on the Pacific slope, and upon the now assured early extension of steam transportation facilities into the mines, great quantities of hitherto unavailable ores will go to market from that county.

This statement of facts should prove a wonderful tonic in these troublous times, encouraging people to look beyond present difficulties into the bright future when Spokane will have attained the degree of continuous prosperity guaranteed by her incomparable area of tributary mines. At the same time Spokane people should not forget that by lending every possible encouragement to the men doing pioneer work in this direction, happy consummation may be accelerated and Spokane's supremacy assured.—*Spokane Review.*

A Minneapolis exchange announces the latest financial news thusly: "Icebergs are having a run on the banks of Newfoundland."



INTER-STATE GRAIN PALACE, ABERDEEN, SOUTH DAKOTA.—*Exposition and Harvest Festival, September 11-23.*

A PALACE OF GRAIN.

This is the great year for attractions; and, while the Columbian Exposition will doubtless attract the great bulk of the traveling public, other places will also compete for a crowd. Not by any means the least, but in many respects the most elaborate and taking of the expositions of this year, will be the Inter-State Grain Palace and Harvest Festival at Aberdeen, South Dakota, and herewith is presented a cut of that building.

The city of Aberdeen is situated in the center of the great grain region of the Dakotas and the enterprising citizens have erected a fine exposition building in which to hold the Harvest Festival. The palace will be trimmed outside and inside with the various grains and grasses grown in the two States and will certainly be a beautiful building. While corn palaces have been erected in one or two places, no building has yet been erected for the purpose of showing all the varied crops raised in this region. The Dakotas are not only famous for wheat, but corn, flax, barley, oats, rye, millet and vegetables are raised in profusion, and samples of each will be displayed. Some beautiful designs for decoration in grain are already projected, and to one who has never seen them it will be quite a surprise to see what wonderful things can thus be made.

The building will be seventy by one hundred feet, and the outside covered entirely with decorations of grain and grasses.

The Harvest Festival and Exposition will be held September 11 to 23, and will attract large crowds, as Aberdeen is so situated as to be easy of access from both States, and in being known as the "Hub City" because of the radiation of railroads like the spokes in a wheel.

During the Festival there will be daily concerts by the famous Fourth Regiment Band of Iowa, and at these concerts and other entertainments it is expected that the large hall will be filled to overflowing.

Dates have also been arranged as follows: September 14 will be Knight Templars' day; Sept. 15, Shriners' day; Sept. 23, A. O. U. W. day, and other organizations, such as the Traveling Men's and G. A. R., are arranging for dates also. There will be special excursion rates on all railroads and no better opportunity can be found to get an adequate idea of the productions of the two Dakotas than the one offered by the inspection of the Inter-State Grain Palace at Aberdeen, South Dakota, September 11 to 23.

The county competitive exhibits will be a great feature and committees are already at work in a large number of counties to secure the finest specimens of grain and vegetables.

Special praise should be given in this article to the indefatigable workers who have made this enterprise possible. The directors are as follows: Robt. Moody, S. H. Jumper, Ira Barnes, Geo. Schlosser, H. C. Jewett, S. W. Narregang, F. H. Smith, J. W. Parmley, Fred H. Walker, S. H. Hamilton and O. S. Basford. The officers are: Robt. Moody, president; C. F. Easton, treasurer; F. A. Burdick, secretary; Ira Barnes, Chas. Pfeffer, H. C. Hunter, W. B. Wells and J. W. Parmley, vice-presidents. The man upon whose shoulders the greatest burden is laid is the secretary, F. A. Burdick. But he will cheerfully reply to any inquiries about any matter connected with the Exposition.

ABERDEEN, S. D.,—THE HUB CITY.

Aberdeen's central location and railroad facilities for distributing its products throughout the entire Northwest are the best possible advantages for manufacturing and jobbing.

Aberdeen offers a most promising field for a linseed oil mill, boot and shoe factory, cold storage warehouse, canning factory, felt boot factory, woolen mill, pickle factory, seed dealer, packing house, knitting factory, paper mill, soap factory, sash and door factory, foundry or cracker factory. The power furnished by the numerous artesian wells now flowing throughout the Jim River Valley is destined to make this section, at no distant day, a great manufacturing center. This power, as yet, is practically not utilized, but the wells flow from 2,000 to 5,000 gallons of water per minute, with a pressure of from 150 to 200 pounds to the square inch, and can be put to work at little expense for the machinery. There are five mammoth artesian wells, each capable of flowing 2,000 gallons per minute. One is owned by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. Co., three by the city, used for water works' supply, and one by the city used to run pumps of the sewerage system. Water pressure is 160 pounds per square inch. The water is soft as rain water, and is used for drinking, domestic purposes and fire protection.

A GRAIN PALACE.

A gentleman laughingly put the matter thus: "Iowa and the south part of our State may be able to raise corn, and we have no objection to their advertising the fact; but *we* raise corn, wheat, flax, barley and all kinds of grain; hence, a grain palace." The citizens of Aberdeen, South Dakota, have already guaranteed a sufficient amount to insure the success of the enterprise, and every part of the State is invited to participate in the Exposition. Large prizes will be offered for the best county and individual exhibits, and everything will be done by the management to attract attention abroad. This movement will help not only Aberdeen, but the whole State, and there is not a county in either State but can well afford to make a county exhibit. This is a good year for such enterprises, for many people of the East coming to Chicago can be induced to come farther west also; and there will be harvest excursions to these places. A prominent railway official lately said that everybody seemed to be planning to go somewhere this year, and these expositions will be largely attended.

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E. V. SMALLEY, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

ST. PAUL, AUGUST, 1893.

INCREASED GOLD PRODUCTION.

The Helena *Independent*, a strong and able champion of free silver, says editorially under date of July 13th:

The revival in gold mining in this State is shown by a comparison of receipts at the Government assay office in this city. During the first week in July of this year 6,000 ounces of gold were received at the approximate value of $90,000. This exceeds the value of gold received during the corresponding week of last year by $28,000. On this basis the excess for the present year over 1892 is likely to be more than $1,000,000. This is good news, for it shows that as a gold producer, Montana ranks with the best, and better yet that gold mining is to be carried on with more energy and capital and on a much broader scale."

Anyone who has been much in the mining districts this spring will be willing to predict that the ratio of gold increase will be much larger for the remaining months of the year than appears by the above quotation; for the season has been backward, and at the time the figures given were obtainable, work was just beginning. Just now there is a big revival in gold mining and prospecting, that will count before the end of the season.

BETTER PRICES FOR WHEAT.

The outlook for wheat begins to be more hopeful. For the past two months Europe has been making very heavy drafts upon our visible supply. Nearly 4,000,000 bushels per week have been exported during June and July. The crop in Europe is not good this year, and our own crop, when the harvest returns are in, will probably be rather below a fair average. The enormous surplus which has so depressed prices for the past two years is already being rapidly reduced. The result will soon begin to be felt in spite of the recent collapse in the Chicago market. Our wheat acreage has not been increased of late. In fact there has been no encouragement for increasing it, with prices barely covering the expense of raising to the farmer, if he include wages for himself and his teams.

When wheat once starts upward it will continue to advance until it reaches a figure commensurate with the average cost of production and a fair allowance added for profit and for the risk of one of the most hazardous of staple crops. We believe that figure should be not less than seventy-five cents a bushel for Number 1 hard, at the elevators in Minnesota and the two Dakotas. With that figure ruling for a year, we should gain at least a hundred thousand new settlers for our fertile Northwestern prairies.

ANOTHER FUTILE CONVENTION.

A silver convention was held in Denver on the twelfth of July. It threw no light on the problem now troubling the country. The convention adopted an appeal so long and so rhetorical, that few newspapers printed it in full, and few readers perused it. The gist of the appeal was a demand for free coinage at the old ratio of sixteen to one. It contained a great deal of the old silly talk about "gold kings" and "conspiracies." Its argument was that silver is depressed in price solely because there is not enough of it in use as money. Yet everybody knows that there is more silver in circulation now than ever before, not only in the United States, but in the world at large. What, then, is the matter with the price? Evidently over-production and the cheapening of the processes of mining and smelting.

Such gatherings as the Denver convention are an injury to the cause of the bi-metalism. They are run by cranks. Every level-headed man in the West, whether he be a mine-owner, wheat-grower, merchant or banker, now knows that silver cannot be held at a ratio of sixteen to one with gold by any law that Congress may pass, no more than greenbacks could be kept at a par with gold in the sixties. In those days there were fools in Congress who wanted to hang every man who sold gold at a premium. It is the general consensus of opinion of the great world of commerce and finance that fixes the value of an ounce of silver—not acts of Congress, and not conventions in silver mining regions. The silver dollar must be made to conform to the world's estimate of its intrinsic value if silver is to keep its place as a money metal.

SILVER WILL GO UP.

Owners of silver mines who are disposed to give up as unprofitable the business of getting the white metal out of the rocks, should reflect that silver will surely go up above its present low price. How high it will go, no one can predict, but that the figures to which it has been depressed by the panicky feeling following the closing against it of the India mint are unnaturally low, no one will deny. There must be a rebound. That no commodity can long be maintained in price much above the average cost of its production, is an adage in the commercial world. It is equally true that no commodity can long be held down in price below the average cost of production. The present price of silver is considerably below the average cost of mining and smelting, including interest on the capital invested in working the mines. Only exceptionally good mines can make any money.

The world is not going to stop using silver because there has been an over-production. On the contrary the amount required to supply the demand will increase in the future as it has done in the past. Silver is not going to be thrown out of currency as a base metal. It is the only money metal of a majority of the human race, and it is the subsidiary money metal of all the rest of the race. Nothing will be put in its place. Besides, as wealth and luxury increase its use in the arts is all the time extending. Mine owners who are not working their properties at serious loss had better keep on working them. After Congress acts on the repeal of the Sherman law, we believe there will be a rapid appreciation in silver. We do not expect to see it go up to such a point that the present silver dollar will be at a parity with gold, but it will reach a figure that will again make mining reasonably profitable.

Reasonable men have abandoned all illusions concerning silver. There is nothing magical about it. Government cannot maintain for it an artificial value by decreeing its use as money at a certain ratio with gold. It must obey the laws of supply and demand which govern the price of other articles produced by labor and capital. People will use as much of it as they want and no more. The sensible thing for Congress now to do is to recoin the dollars now in circulation and put approximately a dollar's worth of silver in the new coins. Then let us have free coinage and a fair chance for the white metal to perform its proper function in the currency.

GOLD VERSUS SILVER PRODUCTION.

It is generally believed in the East that all mining men in the West are in favor of free and unlimited coinage of silver. It is true that for many years the large producers of silver have kept themselves and their product prominently before Congress and the people; hence the above prevailing idea. It is equally true that the purely gold producers throughout the mining regions of the country have had little or nothing to say and have, therefore, been entirely ignored in the discussions that have demonstrated that the country at large is densely ignorant in matters that pertain to mining and mining countries. Probably the discovery and development of Leadville was a misfortune to miners and prospectors generally, notwithstanding the vast silver wealth there produced. The sudden and enormous fortunes made at that "camp" set miners wild, and from that time to this the prospector has devoted his labor to the one hope of striking a "lead-silver proposition." With silver worth above one dollar per ounce, the easily produced and easily reduced ores of Leadville made the largest and best gold-producing mines seem absolutely insignificant, or comparatively worthless. Big and quick results are always the dream of prospectors, and the immediate result of Leadville was to practically end anything more than incidental searching for gold. The effect has been maintained if not intensified by the development of such mines as the Granite Mountain in Montana, the Mollie Gibson in Colorado, and the general demand of smelters for lead-silver ores. The natural result of the marvelous development of the silver districts and the corresponding neglect of the gold districts is seen to-day in the piled-up and unused tons of silver that glut the treasury vaults of the United States. There is not a well-informed prospector in the mining districts of this country but knows that with silver at or above one dollar per ounce, there is far greater certainty of a realization of his hopes of fortune than there would be in average gold production at thirty dollars per ounce. It has come to a plain and simple over-production of silver, simply because mining men, as a class, and capital in conjunction therewith, have devoted themselves to the development of the silver mines and have practically ignored the generally less profitable, but always more numerous gold bearing districts.

If the average mining man and prospector will carefully consider the exact situation he can come only to the conclusion that the present condition of the silver market is really a blessing in disguise. There is not one well informed prospector in Montana, Idaho, Southern Oregon or California, but knows absolutely that the tonnage of gold-bearing float, or the number of

gold-bearing leads, will exceed that of the galena and other silver ores at least ten to one; and a particularly observant prospector knows that the ratio in most districts would be more than one hundred to one.

The so-called "silver men" and proprietors of smelters, after admitting the truth of the above statements, will reply, "But with every ton of lead-silver ores produced and treated, there is a fair proportion of gold saved and marketed; and this amount of gold represents a really large proportion of the entire gold production of the United States." That assertion is correct, simply because nearly all silver ores contain more or less gold—a small portion of the aggregate values; but that is no argument against the fact that the gold production would be increased in proportion to the substitution of the present work and expenditures upon silver ores for that class of mines and ores that are mainly gold-bearing.

Idaho illustrates exceptionally well the effects of the long-prevailing silver craze. It is not so long ago that one of the great "stampedes" of recent years was to the gold fields of the Cœur d'Alenes. The country generally was gold-bearing, but as it did not exist in such conditions as to make it easy for inexperienced men without capital to take it out by the ton daily, the fields were generally pronounced a fraud. Prospectors that went in and waited until the following summer soon discovered that portions of the district were rich in lead-silver ores, and that the leads containing them were of unusual size and easy to develop. The result was the abandonment of any attempt to open up the gold deposits and the further result of developing such great lead-silver producers as the "Bunker Hill & Sullivan," the "Tiger," the "Hunter," the "Frisco," 'Gem" and others that have made the Cœur d'Alenes famous.

Does any mining man doubt that if lead and silver had at that time been down to present prices that the gold properties of that region would have been so completely overshadowed and neglected? Does any intelligent miner doubt that the amount of labor and money expended in developing the lead-silver mines of that district, if applied to the gold properties would have made the district a gold producer? It is not claimed that the gold properties would pay the investor so largely as the silver mines with the latter at one dollar per ounce; but it is claimed that Idaho has literally hundreds of thousands of gold deposits which intelligently directed labor and expenditure of capital would develop into gold producers which would pay reasonable interest on the money invested. All through Central, Eastern and Southern Idaho, the country is alive with gold-bearing quartz and gravels. The iron and copper ores probably carry a larger per centage of gold than similar ores in any other known locality in this country. The "silver" advocate will at once denounce the ores as difficult of treatment. The reply is, that the same earnestness that has been applied to the treatment of silver ores for the past twenty years, had it been directed to the gold ores, would have solved the questions of treatment. The gold-bearing iron ores are now reduced, by smelting, at very low rates, and the cyanide of potassia treatment for refactory quartz ores is becoming a cheap and successful process. So little attention has been given to gold ores other than those that are free-milling or high grade sulphides, that the fact that nearly every mountain district in Montana and Idaho is seamed and cross-seamed with gold-quartz veins, is overlooked. It is true that in most localities the veins are small, the pay streaks irregular, and most of the ores difficult to treat. They are not "bonanzas;" yet in almost every district intelligent mining and working will return fair interest on the money and labor invested. Take the vicinity of Norris, Montana, as an illustration that will apply to almost innumerable districts. The gold-bearing leads in that region—and the earth for miles and miles is seamed with them—have been located and known for years; and for years they have remained dormant. This season has practically forced attention to them, and the result is that ore shipments by rail are now of daily occurrence and are constantly increasing. Old mills that have stood idle for years are now working; and while no sudden fortunes are being made, owners are suddenly discovering that their profits are fair, and that large plants would prove very remunerative.

The best opportunities, however, for moderate capital is probably in the almost limitless gold-bearing gravels existing in the gulches and the high bars of the old glacier or river channels. Take Meagher County, Montana, as an illustration. There are scores and scores of gulches and bars in that district that are now being only worked in spots and streaks by individual miners in the most primitive ways. These same places, developed by bed-rock flumes and by bringing in water, would produce in three months of each season, for generations to come, from 50 to 100 per cent on the investment. There are probably 300 individual miners in Meagher County, working in as many different places, that are making wages by the most primitive methods; and in every single case moderate capital well directed would produce large returns in gold. What is true of Meagher County is equally true of every other portion of the mineral region of Montana.

The low price of silver is certain to force capital, as well as prospectors, to investigate the gold resources of the country; and for that reason those who best understand the marvelous distribution of gold throughout Montana and Idaho will not regret the circumstances that bring about those results. The gold distribution is practically limitless and inexhaustible, and the ending of the "silver craze" is the one thing needed to insure the rapid and at least fairly remunerative production of the "yellow metal." The existing conditions then will be far better for Montana and Idaho than now; for more labor will be required, distribution of labor and capital throughout the State will be more general, and within a few short years either State will be producing more gold value annually than it now does of silver, copper and gold combined. The gold is in the mountains and it is only a question of well directed labor to get it out at a profit; not the bonanza-day profits perhaps, but good legitimate profit that will be better for all concerned.

There isn't a mining man in either Montana or Idaho, if he knows anything about the country, but must admit that the gold-bearing ores and gravels are more abundant than silver and copper leads; admitting that, and looking a little to the future, they ought to be glad that the silver craze is nearly cured. N.

THIS is evidently an off year for all kinds of business, and matters are not going to improve much until Wall Street gets over its fright and stops running down the securities which it handles. It is a pity that some better way of fixing the market prices of stocks and bonds cannot be found than submitting the question to a howling, panicky mob of brokers, assembled twice a day in a big room in New York. Why should this bawling, gesticulating crowd have the power to say for the whole country that a good railway bond, paying five per cent in gold, which brought par a year ago, is now worth only sixty cents on the dollar? It is said that seven hundred millions of dollars has been wiped out of the values of the securities listed on the Stock Exchange during the past few months. If only the men who gamble in stocks were hurt the public would not much care; but investors in all parts of the country find a large part of their property destroyed if they have occasion to sell it or borrow money on it.

PRICES REASONABLE AT CHICAGO.

A St. Paul visitor to the World's Fair writes THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE as follows:

The mistaken idea that a large number of people have is that the World's Fair is simply one of extortion, and this fact more than any other has deterred people of moderate means from coming to Chicago. There never was a greater mistake. One can come here and live as cheaply as at home. You can get large and nicely furnished rooms for $1.00 per day, a good breakfast for twenty-five cents, lunch twenty-five cents, and dinner thirty-five cents. These prices are certainly within reach of all, and no one need stay away on this account.

A word in regard to the Fair itself: no one can afford to miss it. It is simply wonderful. I do not understand how any one can disparage it. It is a wonderful exhibition—an educator for the masses, and it is simply impossible to give anyone an idea of the immensity of the buildings, grounds and displays. It must be seen to be appreciated, and you ought to stay at least a week or ten days to see it properly. Even this will seem all too short. The charge for entrance to the World's Fair is fifty cents. There are no additional charges for anything. In Midway Plaisance there are a few foreign specialties, concerts, theatres and exhibitions peculiar to the natives, but which the intelligent American can easily dispense with.

When it comes to seeing the great White City, much less in trying to describe anything, I feel like Mark Everett, of Melbourne, when he says, "The only fault I have to find with it, is that it is too extensive."

"I am inclined," he says, "to want to know how and why things were made. I want to go into detail, and am not satisfied that the buildings and their contents are there, and I may look and look again. I feel that I want the history of each building of each State represented; why such a particular type of architecture was selected for this or that particular building, and so on through the lot. I came here to see the Fair thoroughly, if it took two weeks. I reckoned without my host, and now I am satisfied that in five years I could not exhaust the points of interest in that wonderful park."

When I had decided to come to the World's Fair and was speaking with friends about it, they said, "We do not expect to go. In the first place the railroads are keeping the rates too high; in the second place, the hotels and everybody else in Chicago are simply using this opportunity to charge exhorbitant rates and extort from the people every cent possible; and when the Fair was first opened we remember how all the cafes charged within the grounds, caused, doubtless, from the very high premium they had to pay for the privilege of running their places." But this has now all been adjusted and a regular schedule of rates is charged, and they are very reasonable.

I am stopping at a very pleasantly situated hotel, with cafe in connection. I have a very nice, large room, well-furnished, for which I pay $1,00 per day; twenty-five cents for breakfast and thirty-five cents for dinner, getting my lunch at the Fair grounds.

NEW KIND OF OUTLAWS.—In directing the police to preserve the peace during the late flower festival at Santa Barbara, the mayor of that city warned them against "moll-buzzers" and "gopher-blowers." They must have a genus of outlaws in the Santa Barbara section unknown in this Northern citrus belt.—*Walla Walla Union.*



ST. PAUL is one of the three cities honored by having their pictures painted under the superb dome of the Government building at the World's Fair. The other two are New Orleans and San Francisco. In the remaining spaces of the entablature appear views of natural scenery, such as Niagara Falls, the Yosemite and the Yellowstone Park. How did it happen that St. Paul is thus peculiarly distinguished? The assistant supervising architect in charge of the erection of the building wrote our Chamber of Commerce that if a good sketch could be furnished which his artists could copy, he would have the picture painted. THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE furnished the sketch, the point of view being from Merriam Hill, overlooking the business center and showing plainly the long bend in the Mississippi.

THERE are many roads from Chicago to Eastern cities and each can make some claim to special attractions for the tourist. Of the Baltimore & Ohio it can be said that no competing line surpasses it in the beauty of natural scenery, while it has two advantages peculiarly and exclusively its own—it is the only road passing through the city of Washington, and it is also the only one traversing a region rich in memories of the Civil War. From the crossing of the Ohio River near Wheeling all the way to Washington, there is hardly a mile of the B. & O. that has not a history in connection with skirmishes, guerrilla raids, encampments or pitched battles. This makes it the favorite route of old soldiers. Among the passengers on almost every train you will notice gray-haired veterans identifying the localities where they marched, bivouacked and fought. The historic interest increases as you go eastward. Once over the Cheat River Mountains and on the Upper Potomac, there is hardly a station whose name will not arouse memories of the war. What old soldier is there, no matter whether he wore the blue or the gray, whose blood is not stirred by such names as Cumberland, Point of Rocks and Harpers Ferry? And what traveler of the young generation at all familiar with the literature of our country will not remember when the brakesman calls out, "Frederick Junction," that it was at Fredericktown that old Barbara Fritchie waved the Stars and Stripes above the heads of Stonewall Jackson's passing columns.

"Shoot if you will this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," said she.

To us in the Northwest the B. & O. has a special interest from the fact that it is under the management of a Northwestern man, John T. Odell, who won a high reputation for untiring energy and great practical business capacity on the Northern Pacific. Another former N. P. man on the road is Superintendent Graham, who used to be at Jamestown and was afterwards at Winnipeg, and who is now stationed at Newark, Ohio. He left a host of friends in North Dakota and Manitoba.

I CALLED upon Carl Schurz lately. He lives in a rambling, picturesque and comfortable old farm house in Westchester County, New York, amidst a charming environment of flowers, vines and trees, orchards, verdant pastures and shady roads. He is tenderly cared for by his two daughters and looks remarkably young and vigorous. I don't know his age, but he must be well along in the sixties, for he won his national reputation as an orator prior to the Civil War, and he was a major-general in that struggle, commanding one of the divisions of the Eleventh Corps. What a wonderful career he has had; German born and bred, yet winning the highest honors of this republic except the only one barred to all not of native birth—the Presidency. He has been a commander of armies, a member of the United States Senate, a minister to a foreign country. He is a doctor of laws and he has won renown in authorship, in editorship and in platform oratory. In any other country a man of such achievements and talents would be kept in public life by the urgent demand of both Government and people. Here he is sent into retirement in the full ripeness of his intellect. He spends his time chiefly in literary work. At present he is writing editorials for *Harper's Weekly*, and is engaged on a sketch of Charles Sumner, who was his intimate personal and political friend in the Senate. It used to be said that in spite of his foreign birth, Schurz had a better mastery of the English language than any man in the Senate except Sumner.

HERE are two medical stories which may interest people who are so unhappy as to require the services of doctors. The first was told me in New York by the chief engineer of one of our great Western railways, who has long been a sufferer from dyspepsia. Talking one day to his family physician he remarked that a friend had told him that he had found great relief in the use of a certain patent medicine. "When I get my severe attack I believe I shall try that compound," said the engineer. "Don't do it," advised the doctor, "there is cocaine in that stuff and cocaine is a dangerous drug to fool with. Now I will give you a prescription which I am pretty sure will help you." The doctor prescribed *Vin Mariani*. The engineer bought it and liked it so well that he kept a bottle at his house, one at his office in Chicago and one at each of the two clubs he frequented, so that he might always be able to take the prescribed wine-glass-full before meals. After a time he found himself looking forward impatiently for the hour for his regular dose. The medicine was a better bracer than brandy. While in New York lately he consulted a famous specialist and told him what he was taking. "Why, my dear sir," said the doctor in astonishment, "don't you know that *Vin Mariani* is heavily drugged with cocaine? If you keep on using it, you will get the cocaine habit fixed on you and that is worse than the morphine habit. In fact, the medical profession has not yet been able to discover any remedy for cocaine drunkards."

THE other story was told me by a New York physician who believes that nature makes the cures, and that as a rule the less medicine given the better. A number of years ago there lived in a large town in Connecticut an old-school physician named Jennings, who had a large practice. An epidemic of typhoid broke out. Jenning's patients, dosed with the old-fashioned medicines, died one after another. Finally he was called to attend a charming girl whom he had known from a baby and in whose development and promise of noble womanhood he had felt an almost paternal interest. After his first visit he passed through a wood near the town, and reflected sadly that in all probability this beautiful girl would follow his other patients to the cemetery. Seeing a spring near the path some impulse led him to fill a small vial with the water. He took it to his office and added a little harmless coloring extract to the pure water. Then he returned to his patient and said to the mother, in the girl's presence, "I have here a new remedy of great power. Do not give the other medicine I prescribed, but administer two drops of this every hour. Be very careful not to exceed two drops, for the remedy is exceedingly potent." The girl recovered. The doctor then tried his colored water on other patients. His success was remarkable. His practice increased rapidly. After a year or two he thought it was his duty to let the world know of his wonderful discovery of how to cure diseases without medicine and he printed a small book giving a history of all the cases he had treated with the pure spring water. Instead of hailing him as a benefactor, the people of the Connecticut town denounced him as a fraud. True, he had cured them, but he had charged them for medicine and dosed them only with water. He lost all his practice and was forced to leave the place. He removed to Iowa, where he died lately at the age of eighty-two. "Now, what cured those people?" I asked my friend, the New York doctor, at the conclusion of his story. "Suggestion," he replied; "in those days nothing was known of the laws of hypnotism, but now we know that if you can make a strong impression on a patient's mind that the medicine you give him is going to produce a certain effect, the power of the suggestive idea is much greater than that of the drug, if, indeed, the drug is of any value whatever."

BEFORE making a journey East recently, I had supposed that phrenology, with its pictorial geography of the human cranium and its bump-feeling professors, had gone to the limbo of forgotten fads and humbugs, but while I was at Asbury Park, a populous middle-class watering place on the Jersey Coast, I found I was mistaken. A professor of the old head-examining sort was delivering lectures on phrenology in the parlors of the hotels, and his coming was heralded by circulars on which appeared the same old chart which I remember from boyhood's days, with its variegated panorama of acquisitiveness, amativeness, philoprogentiveness, firmness, combattiveness, etc. While in New York on the same trip, my attention was arrested by the sign of "Fowler & Wells, American Institute of Phrenology," on a brown-stone front, in a street just off Broadway. So it seems that the old business still goes on under the old firm name. I learned that O. S. Fowler and Wells are both dead, that L. N. Fowler lives in London and has accumulated wealth with his so-called science, and that the New York house is carried on by Wells' widow and old Professor Sizer, who was the operator for the firm as long ago as when I was a type-setting lad in the metropolis, before the Civil War. Phrenology was founded by two Germans named Spurzheim and Gall and was early imported to America by the Fowler brothers, who soon found in Wells a capable business partner. At that time but little progress had been made in the study of the anatomy of the brain, and science was not able to assert positively that there might not be something in the theory that the elevations and depressions in the skull are indicative of the strength or weakness of different traits of character. During the last thirty years, however, brain surgery has demonstrated that phrenology is a fallacy; yet it continues to exist, owing to the impetus given it at the start by a few able men who thoroughly believed in it. There appears to be a law of mind that any idea can be made to float for a time, no matter how false and foolish it may be, provided it is launched with sufficient force.

IN the offices of the Northern Pacific, in New York, I met last month Thomas F. Oakes, the president of the road, and its sole chief executive, now that Henry Villard has retired. He looks as vigorous and almost as young as he did ten years ago, when he was pushing the construction of the last link of his road in the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Oakes faces the difficulties of

the present period of financial depression with cheerfulness and resolution, and with the energy and sagacity that are marked traits of his character and that have raised him from the position of clerk in a railroad office in St. Louis to the presidency of one of the most important roads in the world. He believes that the country is on the eve of an epoch of expansion and prosperity, and that the Northwestern States will be in the front of the new movement because they have more good unoccupied lands and more undeveloped resources than any other section of the continent.

THE *Review of Reviews* does me the honor to publish my portrait and to credit me with leadership in the movement for reciprocity with Canada. This is very kind of the *Review*, but the truth is that the movement has thus far developed no leader on either side of the international boundary, in the sense of one able to formulate a definite, practical policy, and to rally a following in its support. The man who, with great industry and tact, organized the late St. Paul convention, was D. R. McGinnis, of Grand Forks. The man who was recognized by the Canadians as their spokesman was James Fisher, of Winnipeg. Probably Mr. Fisher sees further into the necessary tendencies of the movement than he thought it politic to avow in his remarks at the convention and in the resolution which was adopted at his instance. The June gathering in this city was earnest and honest, but it was cautious and hesitating. When the next meting is held at Duluth in October, it is to be hoped that some one will speak his mind frankly. There is no good in our Canadian friends talking about a reciprocity arrangement which shall not discriminate against England. Every reciprocity treaty discriminates against all countries except the two making it. If Canada is to admit British goods on as favorable terms as she is willing to admit ours, then what are we to gain in exchange for admitting her products to our markets? And from one side of the boundary somebody should appear with a definite programme. It is pleasant to talk about the benefits of freer trade relations, but let us now get ready to tell our neighbors just what sort of a bargain we are willing to make with them.

THE depression in silver mining ought to have the effect of attracting more attention to agriculture in Montana. There is plenty of good valley land untilled which can be brought under ditch at small expense. In the long run a farming community shows up pretty well for accumulations, and it is always an independent community, not scared by hard times nor elated by good times. Montana ought to have fifty thousand more agriculturists than she has to-day. Farming has been a sort of side issue with her people.

AT Asbury Park, in July, I heard Gen. O. O. Howard, the gallant one-armed veteran of the Civil War, and the present commander of the Department of the Atlantic, talk to a big meeting on "Does our Heavenly Father hear and answer prayer?" Howard is one of the most religious men in the army. He actually believes that the divine ruler of the billions of stars and the vast inter-stellar spaces is his close personal friend, and helps him out of dangers and difficulties when he appeals to him. He thinks the steamer "Spree" was saved from going to the bottom of the Atlantic last summer when she broke her shaft, because he and Moody prayed fervently in their stateroom and afterwards assembled all the passengers and held a prayer-meeting in the cabin. But there was no doubt just as much praying done on the many ships that have gone down with all on board. It is delightful, however, in this age of doubt, to meet an intelligent man like Howard, who does cherish the old-fashioned belief in a parental providence. Howard is now adding the laurels of an author to those of a soldier. His recent life of Zachary Taylor was reviewed in this magazine. Now he is at work on a life of Queen Isabella, fresh material for which he gathered in Spain last year. He is a genial, companionable man, and, blessedwith good health and eleven grandchildren, he finds the down-hill side of life a sunny, flowery slope, down which he marches with head erect, confident that it leads straight to the gateway of heaven.

WILLIAM S. MELLEN.

The death of William S. Mellen at Victoria, on July 27th, was a sad event to a great many people throughout the Northwest, with whom he had been brought into business and social relations by his position as general manager of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Mr. Mellen was a man of remarkable physical and intellectual activity. He had been in perfect health until recently, and then his ailment was not of a character to interfere with his work, and treatment in New York for a few weeks seemed to afford him complete relief. He died of paralysis of the heart, a disease which no one of his friends knew he was threatened with. His life went out quickly and almost without suffering. He was still a young man in appearance, looking much younger than he really was, and he was untiring, alert and industrious, with ambitions, enterprise and capacity of the young. He seemed to all who were well acquainted with him to have hardly reached the summit of his career, and to be as sure of long life as any man can be. Mr. Mellen had a remarkable career.



WILLIAM S. MELLEN.

William S. Mellen was born February, 26, 1846, in Will County, Illinois. His parents were from Massachusetts. When he was a small boy the family moved to Chicago, and he was educated in the public schools of that city. His father died while the boy was still at school and left very little means, save some real estate on the North Side, not at that time considered to be of much value. Young Mellen felt the importance of earning his own living, and while still attending school he carried a route for the Chicago *Tribune* mornings and for an evening paper after school hours. His next business was a sort of junior clerk in a commission house on South Street. While there he attended a night school and learned telegraphy. His ambition was to get into the railway service and he knew that a knowledge of telegraphy was the best stepping stone to a career in that service. For a short time he held the position of receiving clerk in the Western Union office in Chicago, and in December, 1865, he was given the place of operator at Milton Junction, Wisconsin. The next month he was transferred to Barrington, Illinois, and in June he was sent to Kenosha, Wisconsin. In March, 1867, he was appointed agent and operator at Racine, Wisconsin, by the Chicago & Northwestern company. From September, 1870, to the close of 1871 his post was at Green Bay, and in 1872 he obtained an important promotion, being made general freight and passenger agent of the Green Bay & Lake Pepin road. In 1874 he was general agent at Winona, Minn., for the C. & N. W., and in 1875 assistant general freight agent for the same road in Chicago. His next step forward in his profession was in 1881, when he was appointed assistant general superintendent of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe road. He went back to the Northwestern in 1882 and was for nearly three years the general freight agent of that powerful company. From February, 1885, to October, 1886, he was assistant general superintendent, and on the latter date he was made general manager of the Wisconsin Central associated lines. This position he held until he took charge of the Northern Pacific lines as general manager on July 1st, 1889.

Mr. Mellen filled almost every position connected with railway work. He began as a telegraph operator and ended as general manager of one of the most important systems in the world. With every change of position he got ahead. He was always zealous, industrious, courteous and faithful to the interests of his company. The men under him liked him because they knew he had their sympathies. He respected labor. He had turned a brake-wheel, handled baggage and worked a telegraph instrument himself. He had fought poverty and lived on small wages, and in his success he never looked down on the men whose tollsome life he once shared. His way of averting strikes was to talk the situation over in the most candid manner with the representatives of the dissatisfied labor element, explain the position of the company, yield when right was on the side of the complainants and refuse to yield, with kindness and firmness, when their demands could not in fairness be conceded. Mr. Mellen ranked with the most successful railway managers of the country. He kept his road in a high state of efficiency at a moderate cost in proportion to its gross earnings. He knew thoroughly every detail of his business, and he knew men well. In that he was always aided by a staff of able and faithful officials, to whom his uniform kindness and considerate confidence placed him in the relation of a personal friend.

Mr. Mellen had tastes and accomplishments not often found in men engaged in the arduous work of railroad management. He was a lover of good literature, possessed a large library and kept himself well up in the best thought of the day as found in books and magazines. He collected many works of rare scientific and metaphysical interest. He investigated the relations of mind and body, and believed, with most progressive men of this day, that in the partially explored realms of psychical phenomena will ultimately be found scientific proof of a future life. He was a prominent member of the Commercial Club of St. Paul, and also of the Union League Club of Chicago, the Montana Club of Helena and the Union Club of Tacoma. Mr. Mellen also took an interest in Masonic proceedings, having been a member of the Mystic Shrine and also of the Osman Temple. He was a genial, large-hearted man who believed in treating all men, no matter how humble their station in life might be, with courtesy and justice. Every employe of the great railroad he managed will mourn his death.



NORTHWESTERN PROGRESS.

Wisconsin.

WITH the clearing away of the white pine timber along the rivers in Northern Wisconsin, the lumbermen of that region are turning their attention to hardwood. This is noticeable in more than one locality, where large quantities of birch, maple, oak, basswood and other varieties of hardwood are to be found. Mr. W. H. Bradley is one of those who will in the near future put up a hardwood mill, and it will be located at Tomahawk. Following the hardwood plant comes the sash and door factory and the furniture factory. The small but prosperous lumber towns of Wisconsin are not doomed to deteriorate just because the white pine mills are sawing a few thousand feet of lumber less this year than last, so long as there is also plenty of hardwood in the immediate vicinity, as is nearly always the case.—*Minneapolis Lumberman.*

Minnesota.

A CITY of 7,000 people which can boast of bank deposits amounting to over $1,050,000, or about $150 to every man, woman and child, ought to be pretty substantial financially, to say the least. Such a city is Red Wing.

THE Biwabik mine is now shipping iron, it being the first mine in the Lake Superior district to load ore direct upon the cars from the mine, says the *Mesaba Range*. The Biwabik will be able to give the railroads all the business they care for, very soon.

THE biggest block of granite ever received in Minneapolis was recently brought in to be placed in the great city and county building. It came from the quarries at Ortonville, Minn. The weight was 59,900 pounds. The block is five feet three inches, by nine feet eight inches. It took ten horses to draw it from the railroad yards.

THE new directory of the city of St. Paul, issued last month, contains 84,461 names—an increase of 1,847 over the one issued a year ago. The multiple 2½ is used this year, instead of 2½ used heretofore, and the result shows a population of 190,262—probably a very conservative estimate. The publishers, R. L. Polk & Co., claim the canvass to have been a more than ordinarily careful one, and therefore entirely reliable.

MINNESOTA has been awarded the highest prize at the World's Fair for creamery products, and it is reported in connection with the announcement that Minnesota had fifty per cent of her exhibits above ninety-seven per cent in fineness of quality. The average of other States was only twenty-five per cent of their exhibits above that degree of fineness. Minnesota has a future as a dairy State; but notwithstanding the large increase which has been made in the amount of really good butter made by Minnesota manufacturers the market is always flooded with the inferior grades.—*St. Paul Trade Journal.*

THE University of Minnesota has just graduated a class of 249 members. Few Minnesotians realize that this is one of the largest universities in the United States. It is also one of the most prosperous and high-ranking. Its curriculum may not extend as far into the classics and sciences as some of the Eastern institutions, but whatever it may lack in that respect is more than made up by the practical schooling which it affords. The university gives an excellent classical and scientific education, and a practical knowledge superior to that to be gotten at any other university. The diploma of the institution is recognized by the Eastern universities as among the highest in rank of any of the universities west of the Atlantic Coast. A good many of its graduates are among the distinguished men of the nation. This is one of the institutions of the State of which every Minnesotian has reason to be proud.—*St. Paul Globe.*

NEVER in the history of pine land dealing was there so much inquiry for stumpage and so many heavy transactions reported as last spring, and many more are now being negotiated in Northern Minnesota at figures considerably above the ruling prices during the last ten years. It is far from being in the interest of the State to see large bodies of its remaining pine pass into the hands of active operators, who will proceed to slaughter it in haste, not only to realize on their investment, but to escape the enormous taxation heaped upon this unproductive property by the tax eating squatters of the pine land counties. The next ten years will work out the accessible timber. Several counties like Morrison, Mille Lac, Pine, Kenabec, Carlton, Aitkin, Crow Wing, Wadena, Hubbard and Polk, are so nearly stripped that they cut no figure in lumber circles. From our knowledge of the situation, we predict an increase in the output of over 200,000,000 feet next year.—*Minneapolis Lumberman.*

North Dakota.

GRAND FORKS has let the contracts for half a mile of additional sewers.

THE wheat crop prospects, which early in July looked rather discouraging in some sections of the State, now appear more promising, and the yield as a whole will be in nowise discreditable.

THE photographic views of farm operations in North Dakota, now on exhibition at the World's Fair, are receiving much notice. The views are arranged in a very large circulating album with leaves three feet four inches in size; the whole incased in glass and so arranged that several hundred pictures can be viewed without change of position on the part of the spectator.

WALTER GREGORY, manager of the Advance Thresher Company, relates some facts about business in North Dakota which would indicate that the people of that State are not short of cash. He says that he has sold this season $750,000 worth of threshers through North Dakota; that all but about $2,000 of it has been paid, and out of the whole amount there is only $500 that is doubtful. He cites this as an evidence of the condition of the farmers and grain growers of that State, and with the excellent crop prospect which North Dakota enjoys at present the outlook is certainly encouraging for a good fall's business.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

THE Fargo *Argus* in each issue for some time past has chronicled the completion of plans for some new business block. It says: During the coming week work will be begun on several magnificent buildings, while plans for others are in course of construction and they, too, will soon be under way. A gratifying feature of this rebuilding is that the new blocks going up promise to be much better than the burned ones which they will replace. The business men are putting up permanent quarters, large and commodious, with all the improvements which experience teaches them are required. The new Fargo is going to rise up rapidly as was predicted, and that it will be a much greater city than the old is apparent. Capitalists seem more ready than ever to invest money here, which denotes great faith in the future of the metropolis. Those who lost their homes in the fire are being offered generous inducements by money loaners, which they readily take, and the residence portion will be rebuilt more rapidly than the business streets. The fire was a terrible calamity to the individuals who lost and to the city at large, but several years hence it will be looked upon more as a benefit than otherwise.

South Dakota.

SOUTH DAKOTA has 261 publications, twenty-one of them daily papers and most of the others weeklies. This is one publication for about 1,100 population, while Massachusetts and New York have but one for each 3,000.

A STRING of covered wagons passed through Huron, last month, containing five families of settlers from the vicinity of Pomeroy, Ia., going to land near the north line of Beadle County. Three families from near Beatrice, Neb., followed the Iowa colony to a point in the south part of Spink County. Immigrant trains are seen coursing across the prairie almost daily, and each company say "still there's more to follow." Most of those coming in are well-to-do farmers who secured land before bringing their families, and many of them have purchased improved farms and put in crops this season. They bring with them cattle, horses, machinery, etc.

Montana.

THE sapphire fields of El Dorado Bar, twelve miles from Helena, are being worked industriously by a force of some thirty men.

ONE of the biggest mining deals made in Jefferson County for some time has been consummated by the sale of the Diamond Hill mine, near St. Louis, to New York people for $90,000.

THE town of Belgrade, Gallatin Valley, shipped over $80,000 worth of barley last year to Milwaukee brewers, a fact which of itself speaks in thunder tones for the quality of Montana-grown barley.

IT is pretty certain that the farmers of the Flathead Valley will make a success of fruit culture. A trip in any direction from this city into the farming districts gives ample evidence that fruit growing is to be eventually one of the industries of Flathead. Here and there are little orchards and patches of small fruit bushes that are growing healthily and giving promise of good results.—*Columbian.*

A BIG deal in Jefferson County is under way. The *Age* says that J. W. Ellis, of Anaconda, has bonded the Minnie Moore mine, in Beefstraight district, to John McKindley of Duluth, and St. Paul capitalists, on ninety days' time, for $80,000. The mine is a very valuable property, the ledge being three feet eight inches of steel galena, assaying as high as 180 ounces in silver and $8 in gold. Mr. McKindley intends to put in a hoist and put men to work extricating ore immediately.

THERE is a feeling of greater confidence at present concerning the mines of Barker among people interested than has been manifest for a long time, says the Belt Mountain *Miner*. This feeling is caused largely by the recent extensive bodies of ore that have been uncovered at two of the mines, together with every indication in these properties that the ore body is continuous. More men are being put at work right along, making the merchants more hopeful for business, and forcing the pessimist to retire in dismay.

THE *Columbian*, of Columbia Falls, remarks that "Whatever may be said of the other industries there was never a better prospect of immense crops than this year. The acreage is thirty per cent larger in this valley than in 1892, and it is difficult to foresee anything now that can prevent a harvest as satisfactory as any in the history of the Flathead. While sales are going quietly on, it is a fact that good ranches are in greater demand now than in the boomiest times the valley ever saw. The people now inquiring for farm lands are of a desirable class, with the cash to pay, and substantial, business-like farmers."

Idaho.

WHAT is claimed to be the largest opal in the world was recently found near Nampa. It weighs 700 carats.

KATE FIELD has paid the Idaho building the compliment of being the most unique and attractive building at the Fair.

THE town of Juliaetta has recently voted to bond the city for the purpose of putting in a complete system of water works. This, in addition to the many other improvements that place has made during the past year, will add greatly to the prosperity of that city.

M. J. MOONEY, who arrived yesterday from a prospecting tour in Idaho County, Idaho, reports the discovery of placer fields of great richness in the Salmon River Valley. He says the old prospectors who went over the country thirty years ago did not do thorough work, and left a large amount of valuable placer ground. Some of it which they were unable to work, owing to rude methods, poor apparatus and the cost of living and transportation, would now yield a fortune if worked by modern methods. Besides this he says there are extensive placer beds of rich dirt that have never been touched by prospectors, some of it carrying eighteen cents to the pan. He has located some of this ground, and is now arranging for working it.—*Spokane Chronicle.*

THERE are so many men making efforts to put up a smelter to work the copper ores of the Seven Devils Country that it is very probable that one will go up soon. This is without doubt the richest and most extensive copper district in the world, but it has been kept back by a rich company that owns many of the best claims, and by doing nothing expect to get hold of all the others. But the Seven Devils will rise in their might some day and astonish the world. The mines are not only high grade in copper, but also carry gold and silver, and carry these royal metals sufficient to make the ore a good grade outside of the copper. M. L. Hoyt, of Weiser, has been in Salt Lake, endeavoring to make arrangements for the erection of a smelter in that rich district, and met with good prospects of success.—*Idaho World.*

Oregon.

THE *Rural Northwest* gives Oregon and Washington about 12,000,000 pounds of dried prunes this year, enough to supply about one-eighth of the entire demand of the United States. This estimates 25,000 acres of growing prune trees in Oregon and 6,000 in Washington, or 10,000 acres of bearing age in Oregon and 2,500 acres in Washington.

THE mountains of Oregon, it would seem, are rich in vast mineral resources, particularly with coal. A few days ago two well-known citizens of St. Helen's returned to that place from a prospecting tour in the Scappoose Mountains, where they located what gives promise of a valuable coal deposit. The vein is only a short distance from the Northern Pacific Railroad,

and the specimens shown indicate a high grade of lignite coal. The deposit shows a clear face of three feet and four inches, the foot and hanging walls being both clear sandstone. The mountain rises abruptly from the face of the vein to an altitude of 5,000 feet at an angle of ninety-five degrees. The find is a valuable one, and the energetic gentlemen who are the lucky finders have both the means and inclination to develop their find.—*Portland Telegram.*

THE Spokane *Chronicle* says that samples of genuine madstone have been received in that city from a new discovery in Northern Oregon. The stone is a form of onyx and when dry is pure white and as hard as flint. When placed in water it absorbs it like a sponge, gradually becoming translucent and finally being almost as clear as glass. It is this quality of absorbing fluids which has given the stone its name and caused the tradition that if applied to the bite of a mad dog or snake it will draw out all the poison. The men who are working on the ledge say that thus far the madstone has only been found in broken pieces, too small to cut into building stone. It is hoped, however, that the ledge will widen. Moneyed parties are interested in the discovery, and are prepared to put it to practical use if a ledge of sufficient size is discovered.

Washington.

A COMPANY has been incorporated at Port Angeles with a capital of $150,000 to manufacture fir balsam and other extracts from the roots of fir trees.

NEARLY 5,000,000 bushels of wheat, and of flour representing wheat, have been shipped from Tacoma during the present season. This is a gratifying increase over the shipments last year

THE Great Northern and Northern Pacific meet at Ballard, and the combined shipments of shingles of the two roads for June amounted to over three hundred cars. They were consigned to points in Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri, North and South Dakota, Kansas, Oklahoma Territory, Illinois, Minnesota and Wisconsin, principally. Some consignments were also for points in Ohio, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and one shipment went even as far east as Massachusetts.

A very rich strike of ore is reported from the Okanogan Country. Ore assaying as much as $175,000 to the ton is said to have been found. Wonderful stores of the rich ore are of daily occurrence in this valley.

THE Yakima harvest of hops, hay, fruit and vegetables will probably net $300,000 this season. A large woolen mill has been located at Yakima City, a suburb of North Yakima, that will employ seventy-five hands.

SURVEYS have been made for the extension from the crossing of the Chehalis River at Cosmopolis, Wash., west along the north side of Gray's Harbor to Aberdeen and Hoquiam, about six miles, and construction is to begin at once.

THE Lynden *Pioneer Press* says Alderman Palmer has a contract to get out 1,000,000 cords of shingle bolts for the Everson mill, which will take ten years, and he will receive $2,500,000. The 1,000,000 cords will make 5,000,000,000 shingles, to occupy twenty years in cutting, and require 3,843 cars for shipment.

IT is expected to make arrangements soon for building a road, which is projected to run from Haller City, on the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern, nearly thirty miles up the Stillaguamish River to the Sauk River. The road will tap a rich mineral and timber country. Right-of-way was secured and some aid voted last fall.

A FEW weeks ago William Packwood arrived in Olympia, bringing with him samples of anthracite coal. It was as hard and bright as new metal. The vein, from the outcroppings of which the specimens were taken, is twenty-three feet thick, with three veins above and two below it, each vein being separated with a ledge of sandstone from twenty to forty feet in thickness. The land on which the coal was discovered is within the reservation recently made by the Government at the base of Mount Tacoma. It is in Lewis County, just southeast of the mountain, and the railroad now building to South Bend will pass within a mile of the coal lands.

TRACK has been laid this year from Northport, Wash., north to the international boundary line, 9½ miles. Grading is in progress from the international line to Nelson, B. C., sixty miles, and tracklaying has begun. The line is to be completed to Nelson by October 1, next. In Canada it is known as the Nelson & Fort Shepard.

Canadian Northwest.

EXPERIMENTS are being made on the British Columbia experimental farm in raising different varieties of nut-bearing trees. The manager of the farm is trying to find out whether English and Japanese walnuts, hard and soft shelled almonds, Spanish, Japanese and American chestnuts, Kentish filberts, with pecan and hickory nuts, can be raised in that province.

ROBERT WARD & CO., of Victoria, shipped the largest lumber cargo ever taken by a single vessel from a port on the Pacific Coast. The ship was the Hawaiian vessel "John Enos" and the cargo was loaded at Hugitt & McIntyre's mill at Cowichan. The cargo consisted of 37,287 pieces, measuring 2,580,797 feet. The "Enos's" tonnage is 2,709. She sailed for Port Hirie early in June.

THE *Review* says Spokane people who are interested in the Kaslo-Slocan Country were elated over the news that actual work had been commenced in the construction of the Kaslo & Slocan Railway. A large force of men is said to be employed in clearing the right-of-way and grading for the first six miles, and it is the company's intention to rush the road through to the mines this season. This it is thought will permanently establish Kaslo as the shipping and supply point for the mines in that district, as Nelson is for the Toad Mountain and other mines in that locality.

Unlike the Dutch Process

No Alkalies
—OR—
Other Chemicals
are used in the preparation of



W. BAKER & CO.'S
BreakfastCocoa

which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

The High Speed Family Knitter



Will knit a stocking heel and toe in ten minutes. Will knit everything required in the household from homespun or factory, wool or cotton yarns. The most practical knitter on the market. A child can operate it. **Strong, Durable, Simple, Rapid.** Satisfaction guaranteed or no pay. Agents wanted. For particulars and sample work, address, **J. E. GEARHART, Clearfield, Pa.**

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DUBUQUE, - - - IOWA.

Fine Ales and Porter.

Equal in every respect to the imported goods.

SCOTT'S PURCHASING AGENCY,

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All kinds of goods purchased for out of town customers. No commissions. If samples are wanted send stamps for postage on same.

GEO. W. SCOTT.

References: { Security Trust Co., / C. E. Dickerman, } St. Paul.



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For Minn., N. Dak. and S. Dak.,
96 E. 4th St., ST. PAUL, MINN.



SPECULATIONVILLE.

"I don't see," said the investor, "that you have any signs of a town here."

"No signs? Well, reckon we have! Thar's a lot for a post office, a site for a cemetery, a pond for baptizin' an' six candidates for guv'nor!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A WITTY RETORT.

A judge and a joking lawyer were conversing about the doctrine of the transmigration of the souls of men into animals. "Now," said the judge, "suppose you and I were turned into a horse and an ass, which would you prefer to be?"

"The ass, to be sure," replied the lawyer.

"Why?" rejoined the judge.

"Because," was the reply, "I have heard of an ass being a judge, but of a horse—never."

JOHNNY'S OPINION DIFFERED.

Teacher: "John, suppose I were to shoot at a tree with five birds on it, and kill three, how many would be left?"

John: "Three, sir."

Teacher: "No; two would be left, you ignoramus."

John: No; there wouldn't though. The three shot would be left, and the other two would be flied away."

Teacher: "Take your seat, John."

THE COURT WAS RIGHT.

A certain lawyer came into court one day in a very decided state of intoxication. Aware of his condition, he rather brusquely told the judge that he desired a continuance of his case.

"Why so?" asked his Honor."

"Well, I do not know that there is any particular reason," responded the bewildered counsel.

"Mr.——," said the judge, eyeing him severely, "it is the opinion of the court that you are inebriated."

"Your Honor," answered the lawyer," I have pleaded in this court for many years and this is the first time I have heard your Honor render a correct decision; I am drunk."—*Boston Globe.*



JUST AS GOOD A PLACE TO SLEEP.

Father (Sunday morning)—"Wake up, John, it's time to go to church!"

Voice (from up-stairs)—"Yes, father, but what's the use? I can sleep just as well here."

DOMESTIC CATECHISM.

The other day a thin, tired-looking man entered the office of a printing house, and, approaching the proprietor, said:

"I want to have a list printed. Suppose you write it down as I tell you."

The proprietor made ready and the man said:

"Yes; I am sure I locked the front door. Have you got that?"

"Yes; but I don't understand."

"Never mind; don't interrupt me till I have finished. Are you ready?" "Yes."

"I turned out the light in the bath-room."

"All right; I've got it."

"The kitchen windows are fastened." "Yes."

"The dog is in the cellar." "Yes."

"The servants are all in." "Yes."

"The stable door is locked." "Yes."

"The kitten is out of doors." "Yes."

"I turned off the draughts of the range." "Yes."

"No, I do not smell smoke." "Yes."

"No, the water is not running in the bath-room." "Yes."

"I do not think I hear anyone trying to get into the house." "Yes."

"No, that is not our dog barking; it's the one next door." "Yes."

"It is not necessary to go down and see if the cellar door is fastened. I know it is." "Yes."

"That is nobody; it is only the wind rattling the shutters." "Yes."

"Well, I think that's about all. You see, my wife asks me certain questions every night just as I am getting into bed, and if I had a printed list I could show to her it would save lots of trouble. Besides that, it injures my lungs to answer them. Have the lists printed as soon as possible, please."—*Boston Globe.*

Flathead Valley, Montana.

RESOURCES:

Agriculture.
Lumber.
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We solicit correspondence.

We pay interest on time deposits.

We do a general banking business.

We cheerfully answer inquiries.

We make a specialty of negotiating farm mortgages for non-residents.

THE FAMOUS SUNNYSIDE IRRIGATED LANDS.

I have over 80,000 acres of the best FRUIT, ALFALFA and HOP LANDS in the world

Under the main canal of the Northern Pacific, Yakima & Kittitas Irrigation Co., which is sixty miles long and waters the handsome and fertile valley known as SUNNYSIDE, in the lower Yakima Valley. Peaches, Pears, Apples, Plums, Apricots, Cherries, Prunes, and Grapes grow prolific here. No failure; crops every season. Water when you want it. Tracts from ten acres upwards. Write for information.

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Is delightfully situated at the south entrance to Gray's Harbor, lying between South Bay and the grand Pacific Ocean,

And forming a deep and well protected harbor on one side and the most magnificent sea beach in the world on the other. The location is studded with beautiful groves and trees, and enchanting natural drives along the strand. The town is one year old and growing rapidly. It has now three elegant hotels, a $10,000 school house, and nearly all lines of business are represented. Thousands spent their summer here. It is the most charming summer resort in America. Have a home here. Write for information to

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Where is there a town located more beautifully; where the climate is more healthful; has greater possibilities for the future or is growing more rapidly than its capital,

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Has listed over four-fifths of the best business and residence property in this thrifty new center of Northern Minnesota. Fifty per cent profit within the next year. Send for maps, etc.
Reference—the banks of Grand Rapids.

MONTANA.

[No. 1649.]

First National Bank

HELENA, MONTANA.

United States Depository.

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Surplus, - - - 700,000

General Banking Business and Collections in the Northwest receive prompt attention.

S. T. HAUSER, Pres't. E. W. KNIGHT, Cashier.
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FIDELITY TRUST COMPANY.

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PAID UP CAPITAL, - - $500,000.

Does a general banking business. Receives deposits, and liberal rates of interest paid on daily balances subject to check.

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[No. 4526.]

Snohomish National Bank,

SNOHOMISH, WASH.

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Collections and business for non-residents receive careful attention.

(3887.)

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DIRECTORS: J. W. Morgan, C. W. Carter, Hugh Eldridge, F. M. Wade, R. I. Morse, C. P. Wheeler, C. D. Francis.

We are prepared to loan money on bills of lading to shingle shippers to the extent of two hundred thousand dollars.

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To Spokane Falls, Washington,

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The Union Depot Company's grounds are located in this addition. Rapid development inevitable. For full information apply to office of J. J. BROWNE, Browne Block.

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H. J. CORBETT, Ass't Cashier.

PUGET SOUND MILLIONAIRES.

Seattle has a large number of men who made fortunes in money and mines. Judge Thomas Burke, the great lawyer of this region, is worth a million. L. S. J. Hunt, the owner of the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*, and one of the big holders of the Monte Cristo mines, came here worth $30,000 and he is now quoted at from three to five millions, and there's a baker's dozen of other Seattle men who are rich beyond the dreams of averice.

It is the same with Tacoma, Seattle's rival city, which is only 40 miles further up the Sound, and which is filled with the homes of rich men. During my visit there I met several of them, and I heard of others. What surprised me most is the number of young men who have grown rich. Mr. Hunt is not over 33, and Allen C. Mason, one of the big millionaires of Tacoma, is under 40. Mason's wealth illustrates the value of newspaper advertising. Just ten years ago he was teaching school in Jacksonville, Ill. He borrowed $3,000 for three years to come to Puget Sound, settled at Tacoma and went into the real estate and loan business. During five years his transactions amounted to more than $3,000,000. He is now building a house in Tacoma which will cost $125,000, has given the city a public library of 20,000 volumes and owns all sorts of valuable property. He considers the newspapers one of the secrets of success. He put all his money at first into newspaper advertising. He started in by advertising his real estate in religious papers, spending at first $100 a month and increasing until he was spending about $500 a month in this way. Then he tried the big Eastern dailies, and one Sunday he spent $10,000, all that he had at the time, in putting two-page ads in the big Sunday newspapers of New York, Boston and Philadelphia. The result was that the letters came in by the bushel, and half of them contained money, and Mr. Mason says he is still getting business from the advertising of that time.—*Frank G. Carpenter.*

WASHINGTON CEDAR SHINGLE INDUSTRY.

SKAGIT COUNTY {WASH.} SHINGLE ASSOCIATION.

Officers: President, P. A. Woolley, Woolley, Wash; Vice President, A. E. Flagg, Avon, Wash.; Secretary and Treasurer, Geo. E. Brand, Mount Vernon, Wash. Number of mills in Skagit County, Jan. 1st, 1891, six; number Jan. 1st, 1893, thirty-five; present aggregate daily capacity, 1,500,000. The principal mills in the county are represented in the cards below.

JARVIS, METCALF & FERRIS,
Wholesale Manufacturers of
Skagit County Red Cedar Shingles,
IN CAR LOT ORDERS.
Capacity 100,000 per day.
P. O. address, MOUNT VERNON, WASH.

AVON MANUFACTURING CO.,
Manufacturers of
Red Cedar Shingles.
Daily capacity, 100,000.
P. O. address, AVON, SKAGIT CO., WASH.

BURLINGTON M'F'G CO.,
Manufacturers of
Red Cedar Shingles.
Daily capacity, 50,000.
P. O. address, BURLINGTON, SKAGIT CO., WASH.

RED CEDAR SHINGLE CO.,
Capacity, 100,000.
Manufacturers Red Cedar Shingles.
All kinds of dimensions and fancy butts made to order.
P. O. address, MOUNT VERNON, SKAGIT CO., WASH.

BACON & HENDERSON,
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Beveled Cedar Siding and Clear Cedar Door Stock a specialty.
Will ship mixed cars of shingles and siding.
Capacity: 40,000 feet lumber daily; 50,000 shingles.
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SKAGIT VALLEY SHINGLE CO.
WOOLLEY, WASH.,
Manufacturers of the
Celebrated Washington Red Cedar Shingles.
Capacity, 150,000 daily.
Strictly first-class and of a high grade.

SKAGIT RIVER LUMBER AND SHINGLE CO.,
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Manufacturers of and dealers in
Washington Red Cedar Shingles, Washington Red Cedar Lumber, Washington Fir Lumber.
Write for quotations, delivered f. o. b. your station.

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CLEAR LAKE, SKAGIT CO., WASH.
Manufacturers of Red Cedar Shingles,
Capacity, 60,000 shingles daily.

MT. VERNON SHINGLE AND LUMBER COMPANY,
Manufacturers of
Red Cedar Shingles and Clear Cedar Lumber.
Mixed cars of shingles and lumber.
MOUNT VERNON, WASH.
Capacity: 200,000 shingles daily, 40,000 lumber daily.

Capacity: Shingles, 150 M; Lumber, 30 M.
SEDRO LUMBER & SHINGLE Co
P. O. address, SEDRO, WASH.
Manufactur'sof Washington Red Cedar Shingles, Washington Cedar Beveled Siding, Washington Fir Flooring.

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PRAIRIE, WASH.,
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Manufacturers of Red Cedar Shingles,
Daily capacity 70,000.

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Mill at CLEAR LAKE, SKAGIT CO
Manufacturers of
Washington Red Cedar Shingles.
Capacity, 220,000 shingles daily.

WHATCOM COUNTY {WASH.} SHINGLE ASSOCIATION.

Banner Shingle County of Washington. Output, Jan. 1, 1891, about 200,000 shingles dai'y. Daily capacity, March 1, 1893, 3,000,000. President, Geo. A. Cooper, New Whatcom; Secretary and Treasurer, D. H. DeCan, New Whatcom.

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Cedar Shingles, Whatcom, Wash.
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Manufacturers of Red Cedar Lumber & Shingles,
NEW WHATCOM, WASH.

W. L. MILLER, Manufacturer of
Cedar Shingles and Lumber.
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Red Cedar Shingles,
GOSHEN, WASH.

P. H. BLANKENSHIP, Manufacturer of
High Grade Red Cedar Lumber and Shingles,
Daily capacity 150,000 shingles and 10,000 ft. of lumber.
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HAMILTON & CO., Manufacturers of
Red Cedar Shingles, CUSTER, WASH.
Daily capacity 80,000.

PEAVEY & CAMPBELL, Manufacturers and
wholesale dealers in Red Cedar Lumber and Shingles.
Daily capacity 90,000 shingles and 12,000 ft. lumber.
Mill and Office, SUMAS CITY, WASH.

BROWN SHINGLE CO., Manufacturers of
Red Cedar Shingles, WICKERSHAM, WASH.
Daily capacity 50,000.

L. D. REYNOLDS, Manufacturer of
Red Cedar Shingles, WICKERSHAM, WASH.
Capacity, 90,000 daily.

LOVEALL BROS., Manufacturers and dealers in
Red Cedar Shingles and Siding,
GOSHEN, WASH.

MOUNT BAKER SHINGLE M'F'G CO.,
Manufacturers of
Red Cedar Shingles and Siding,
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Red Cedar Shingles,
LAWRENCE, WASH. Capacity, 60,000 shingles daily.

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They are not only the handsomest shingles made but they are
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If you are going to put up a new building or reshingle an old one you can't afford to use any other kind. Write to
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GETCHELL, WASH.

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USEFUL INFORMATION

A Reliable Knitting Machine.

Having had frequent inquiries concerning a reliable knitting machine, we have investigated the High-Speed, Family Knitter, manufactured by J. E. Gearhart, Clearfield, Pa., and advertised in another part of this magazine. We find the machine to be all that is claimed for it, and can recommend it to all who want a cheap, practical family knitter. Write to the manufacturer for interesting particulars and terms.

A Notable Firm—One Who Should be Patronized.

Since the National Manufacturing and Importing Co. of Chicago have been advertising they have supplied several hundred thousand watches to customers all over the United States. They were the pioneers of the plan of selling all grades of watches to customers at wholesale prices and this feature has been gratefully recognized by thousands, so that to-day, although trade in all branches is generally quiet, yet this company ships daily from 1,000 to 2,000 watches of all grades to every section of the country. They send watches anywhere on approval without one cent in advance, and will gladly send you a handsome illustrated catalogue to select from if you will send your address, and we advise you to do so whether you want a watch just now or not.

To the World's Fair in Five Minutes.

In five minutes after leaving the trains of the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway, "Albert Lea Route," at Englewood, a suburb of Chicago, one can be landed at the World's Fair Grounds. How much better this is than to go into the city and have to transfer to one of the several transportation lines to the grounds, among thousands of others who are making their way to same destination. Comfort goes a good ways to the enjoyment of any assumed pleasure. Persons in St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Northern Minnesota or Dakota, in Southern Minnesota or South Dakota, will do well to bear this fact in mind, and go to Chicago via the "Minneapolis & St. Louis. Inquire of any agent of the company, or C. M. Pratt G. T. & P. A., Minneapolis, Minn.

P. S.—Sleeping car accommodations reserved on application. Free chair cars.

The Heart of the Alleghanies.

Writing of a recent trip across the mountains of West Virginia a gifted journalist says:

"Twilight on the grade is grand. The mountain summits look like the bushy tops of trees. The sun has disappeared in a ball of fire at his 'jumping-off place,' but the vivid lighting of the western sky by the still upturned illumining face below the horizon is in marked contrast to the gathering shades behind the rushing train. From shelf to shelf, from crag to crag, from brink to brink we almost fly. Like a flashing transformation, rendering almost past belief the fact that the scene is in the midst of the Alleghanies, comes a bit of landscape gardening with all the beauties of walks and hedges and bright hued flowers, a mountain brooklet tumbling through the center—Buckhorn Wall, the most noted and most admired view that can be had from any known point in the Alleghany range. To enable the road to span the tremendous gorges, a massive wall of cut stone was erected for a distance of several hundred feet, and more than a hundred feet above the foundation rock. As the river makes an abrupt turn at right angles, a deep canyon is opened up for miles. Range after range of mountains disappear behind each other. The shadowy outlines of single peaks steal out through the haze."

This beautiful scene is on the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. near Grafton, W. Va. The entire line from the Potomac to the Ohio is a majestic panorama of the grandest views on the continent and all endowed with historic interest.

The World's Fair! What It Means.

It means that from May 1st until October 31st, there will be on exhibition in Chicago the triumph of all the ages. The rarest and choicest specimens of the earth will be there to instruct and delight.

That for six months Chicago will be the most cosmopolitan spot on the globe.

That the American people will have the wonderful opportunity of mingling with and observing the habits and chacteristics of the people of every nation in the world.

That "villages" of the different foreign countries constructed by and made up entirely of the people direct from such countries, will be a most interesting feature of the fair.

That the American citizen, of whatever foreign birth or parentage, may carry himself back again to the land of his origin by visiting and studying these foreign "villages."

That a few days or weeks spent at the World's Fair will be worth years of travel.

That this is the grandest opportunity the American people have ever had for interesting study and pleasure, and that a trip to Chicago during the next six months will be the event of a lifetime.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway offers the best and most frequent train service from St. Paul and Minneapolis to Chicago. The only line lighting its trains by electricity. The most perfect dining service, and the best sleeping cars in this country. Ask your agent for tickets via "The Milwaukee"—the Government's Fast Mail Line, or address

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ST. PAUL, MINN.

NOTE.—Write for a C. M. & St. P. World's Fair folder. It gives full particulars as to how to visit the Fair and what it will cost.

Picturesque B & O.

A lengthy article from the pen of Rev. William Stevens Perry, Bishop of Iowa, was recently published in the Iowa *Churchman*, descriptive of his journey from Chicago to New York via Washington. Among other things he says: "One traveling eastward from Chicago, via the Picturesque Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, finds rest and comfort in the Vestibuled Pullman limited trains on which travel is no longer irksome, but luxurious. There are two of these trains daily from Chicago, one leaving at 10.10 A. M., and the other at 2.55 P. M. It was on the morning train that we began our pleasant journey across the plains and over the Alleghanies for New York. We had the enjoyable anticipation of going via Washington, for the Baltimore & Ohio alone, of all the routes between the seaboard and the lakes, passes directly to and through the Capitol City.

"It was night when we crossed the Ohio river and began the ascent of the Allehanies, on the summit of which are the twin resorts, Deer Park and Oakland. The last named is a pretty village shut in by towering mountains. A pretty church shows that the visitors take their religion with them into the country. The handsome cottages grouped about the hotel, the fine walks and drives in every direction, the salubrity of the air, and the coolness which is obtained when all the world below this elevation is feeling the oppressiveness of the heated term make this an ideal spot for summering. At the base of the mountains we entered the Potomac Valley, which was debatable ground during the civil war. The streams and fields we cross, the ravines we tread, as we speed on to Washington, have their historical associations with that internecine strife that pitted the Blue against the Gray. Across the mountains and down the Potomac we were greeted by a constant succession of most magnificent views which have gained for the Baltimore & Ohio the sobriquet of 'Picturesque B. & O.'

"Our route from Washington to New York, was via the Royal Blue Line of the Baltimore & Ohio, which is composed of the staunchest and finest Coaches, Parlor and Sleeping cars ever built by the Pullman Company, vestibuled from end to end, and protected by Pullman's improved anti-telescoping device. All the cars are heated by steam and lighted by Pintsch gas. They are the fastest trains in the world, placing New York and Washington within five hours' reach."

KIND WORDS THAT ARE APPRECIATED.

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE merits the approval of every one who desires to become familiar with the far Northwest.—*Utah Odd Fellow.*

*

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE for March is at hand. The number is full of news and information about the Northwest, and is, as usual, handsomely illustrated.—*Mandan (N. D.) Independent.*

*

For eleven years last past THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE has been enlightening the world on the great resources of the Northwest, and has done this work in so attractive and interesting a manner that it has accomplished more good than all other efforts combined.—*Puyallup (Wash.) Commerce.*

*

The March number of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, edited and published by E. V. Smalley, at St. Paul, Minn., is not behind any of its predecessors in point of variety and interest. It is richly illustrated and full of articles replete with information to the public.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal, Chicago.*

*

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, published at St. Paul by E. V. Smalley, is the most valued and valuable periodical on the *Pioneer's* exchange list. A marked improvement is noticeable in each succeeding issue, although we thought it perfection a year ago. The March number is full of good and interesting things.—*Deadwood Pioneer.*

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A NEW PROCESS.

It is stated, on what appears to be good authority, that two Belgians have discovered a means of reducing refactory ores which will be of great importance to mine owners in this State, where a large proportion of the products of mines is lost through inability to extract the precious metals. The new process is performed by means of electricity, and is said to be based on the well-known fact that the mysterious current separates water into its components—hydrogen and oxygen. In operation of the scheme a glass jar with a leaden lining is filled with water, the positive pole of a dynamo is attached to the lining, while a pair of tongs with insulated handles is attached to the negative pole. A piece of iron to be welded, or a piece of ore to be reduced, is picked up with the tongs and inserted in the water. The oxygen is taken up by the lead while the hydrogen remains free. Hydrogen offers great resistance to passage of the electrical current and intense heat is therefore generated, sufficiently so to reduce the most refractory ores yet discovered. If this statement shall prove true, South Dakota mines will take on an added value that will mean much for the Black Hills.—*Sioux Falls Press.*

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THE SHEEP business has become an important industry in this county within the past two years and has yielded enormous profits. We have some fine pieces of land that are specially adapted to sheep raising, which can be bought for FOUR DOLLARS PER ACRE.

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References: First National Bank, Valley City, N. D.; S. M. Swenson & Sons, New York; Grandin Bros., Bankers, Tidioute, Pa.

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Land is Good Property.

Owners of good tillable lands anywhere in the country will have their reward if they hold on long enough and conditions not now to be conjectured do not intervene. Secretary Morton expresses the opinion that the owners of the farms in the United States have a corner on the greatest profits of the coming twenty-five years. His idea is that the population of the country will double in the next quarter of a century as it has heretofore, doubling the demand for land, while there will be no more arable land to be had. The conclusion then is that the land will double in value. There is nothing very extravagant in the supposition that lands will double in value in twenty-five years. If there was no revenue from the lands during that period the doubling would afford a very moderate profit.—*Northwestern Farmer.*

Russians in Western North Dakota.

The settlers who are coming to this section of the State from Southern Russia bring with them the ancient virtues of the Teutonic race. Their forefathers settled in the southern part of the Czar's dominions over a hundred years ago, and they have held themselves aloof and apart from the Russians surrounding them. Notwithstanding that in the old country they are sober, virtuous, honest and industrious, the Russian government will not let them alone. In accordance with the reactionary policy recently adopted towards the peasantry by the imperial authorities, superiors with something of the old feudal jurisdiction have been set over the rural districts, and Russians have been chosen for this office among the German colonists. Consequently there is a growing disposition on the part of the colonists to emigrate to the United States. In their habits and appearance the German colonists in the Volga region belong rather to the past time than to the present century. Imagine a body of men taken out of the eighteenth century, carefully preserved and kept apart from the influence of modern progress, and one has a picture of this quaint settlement far in the interior of the Czar's dominions. The settlers are said to look like figures out of old German woodcuts, with their solemn faces, their gaunt forms and their curious, old-fashioned garments. They have with them the furniture brought from Germany more than 100 years ago, and they are strikingly faithful to the traditions and customs of their ancestors. They are welcomed to this State, where their labor is well paid and where their sterling qualities will assuredly bring them substantial rewards.—*Mandan (N. D.) Pioneer.*

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this space

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"THE BADGER STATE EXPRESS" leaves Minneapolis every morning 7:20, St. Paul, 8 o'clock and arrives Chicago, 9:35 P. M. This train is equipped with modern day coaches and luxurious parlor cars. By this train the traveler is enabled to see the beautiful scenery of Wisconsin with its hills, rivers and lakes giving a most delightful daylight ride through a most picturesque and interesting region.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

STRENGTH OF ICE.—A party of men were talking about the strength of ice and one of them ventured the information that ice one to two inches thick will bear men. Two inches thick is estimated fit to bear infantry; four inches, to bear cavalry or light guns; six inches to bear teams with moderate loads of heavy field guns; eight inches teams with heavy loads. This information, he said, was given him by a major in the army.—*Mandan Pioneer.*

TRAVELING STONES.—The traveling stones in Nevada are said to equal as curiosities those of Australia. These stones are perfectly round, about as large as a walnut and of an ivory nature. When distributed about on the floor, table or any smooth surface within two or three feet of each other they immediately commence traveling toward each other and meet at a common center, and there lie huddled in a bunch like eggs in a in a nest. A single stone removed to a distance of four feet upon being released returns to the heap, but if taken away as much as five feet remains motionless. They are largely composed of magnetic iron ore.

A NEW WAY OF CATCHING TROUT.—Trout are being caught by the wagon load at Lake Terrell and other portions of Whatcom County, and in many cases the methods employed are of the pot-hunting kind. A board or plank ten or fifteen feet long is brought into use, and on each side of the plank lines and flies are attached. This machine is fastened to a boat and by an arrangement of the ropes it is shot out to one side of the boat and does not follow in its wake. The fish seize the flies with avidity and in this way are taken by scores each haul. As a well-known angler remarked the other day, "It is almost as bad as using dynamite."—*Fairhaven (Wash.) Herald.*

A RODENT GYMNAST.—In a store in Portland two small insulated wires, such are used in connection with electric bells or telephones, hang against the wall from the top of a doorway, which has been boarded up. The *Oregonian* says: A sly old rat has a hole at the top of this door, and at night enters the store, and in the morning, when the store is opened, makes his way to his den by climbing up the wires. He takes one in each paw, and goes up the wall like a sailor. His agility in climbing has caused him to be made a sort of pet, and he is not molested while displaying his agility. But few can believe that a rat could climb up the wires which hang loose from the wall till they have seen the performance.

A GREAT NORTH DAKOTA PICTURE.—One of the most attractive and crowd-drawing features of the entire Fair can be seen in North Dakota's State building. It is Carl Gutherz's famous Paris exposition painting of a scene on a North Dakota wheat farm. The painting is 6½x14 feet in size, with the scene laid at the junction of the Sheyenne and Red rivers. The painting was purchased by the United States Government at an expense of $5,000 and loaned for the State exhibit at the solicitation of Senator Casey. The sketches and data were collected in 1885. Down in the foreground of the painting are shown twenty-three gang plows at work turning over the virgin prairie, while further off to the right are seventeen more plowmen throwing back the stubble. The town of Harwood is seen further off in the distance, and away to the left is the scene so often visible in the fall of the year in the great Red River Valley—immense stacks of burning straw. The painting bears the closest scrutiny from an artistic point, as all the details are admirably brought out.

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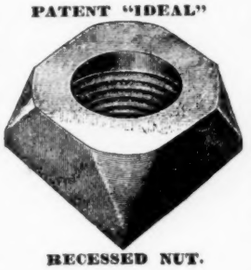
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SPARE-MOMENTS.

Farewell to the Teaspoon.

The teaspoon has been banished from the table of the ultra elegant. Its use has long been forbidden to assist in eating any sort of kernel and soft vegetables, but it survived for a time as an aid to consuming what our grandmothers called "sauce," and for certain deserts of a custard nature, or ices and ice cream. Now its employment is considered, as the fashionable women told her, "worse than wicked—vulgar." So, like Fatima, in "Arabian Nights," eating her grains of rice, we pick at all those yielding, gelatinous and elusive substances with a little fork. The teaspoon is restricted to the teacup and that only.—*Travelers' Guide.*

Sunflowers as a Crop.

The prolific growth of sunflowers in the Palouse Country has led B. F. Mauring, of Garfield, to write the Department of Agriculture for information as to the value of the seed for commercial purposes. In his answer it is stated that in some portions of Russia the manufacture of sunflower oil is very extensive, the product being used for various purposes, including salad oil, burning in lamps, making soap, machine oils, etc. The seeds are also used as an article of food, while paper is often made from the fiber of the stalk. The increasing interest in diversified agricultural products may bring the sunflower forward as a rival with sugar beets for first prize.

States Cannot Make Citizens.

Judge Sanborn's decision in the United States Circuit Court at St. Paul seems to have set down the proposition that a State has no right to permit a person to vote who is not a full citizen of the United States. South Dakota and fifteen other States bestow the right of suffrage upon aliens who hare merely declared their intention to become citizens, but Judge Sanborn declares thas the practice is wrong and contrary to international and constitutional law. A foreign born person remains a foreign subject until he has formally renounced his allegiance by becoming naturalized under the Federal law, and the States, so Judge Sanborn holds, have no right to denationalize a foreign subject until he has fully complied with the provisions of the Federal statutes relative to naturalization. If the decision stands it will have a sweeping and salutary effect upon the politics of the country.—*Aberdeen (S. D.) News.*

The Empire Sleeve Craze.

Next to the crinoline idiocy, the incoming empire sleeve is the most senseless piece of feminine fancy that the modern time has brought forth. The prophet Ezekiel evidently divined the creation of some such thing and inveighed against it. In the thirteenth verse of the xviii chapter you will find the words: "Thus saith the Lord God, woe to the women who sew pillows to all armholes."

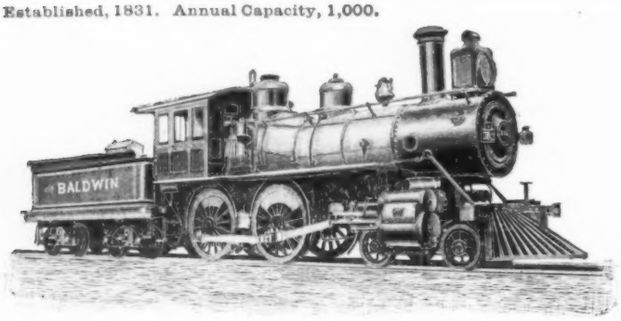
Here is a plain injunction against the balloon sleeve of to-day. It is certainly a pillow sewed on the armhole. The fashion is as disfiguring as the crinoline, of which it is the precursor. Logic and common sense are against it. Any nice girl who wishes to have a good time at the springs this summer will score a ten strike if she will ignore this senseless fashion. If there should be cavillers she has only to quote the words of the prophet: "Woe to the women who sew pillows to all armholes." It must be noticed that no woe is uttered against women who sew buttons on.—*Missoula Democrat.*

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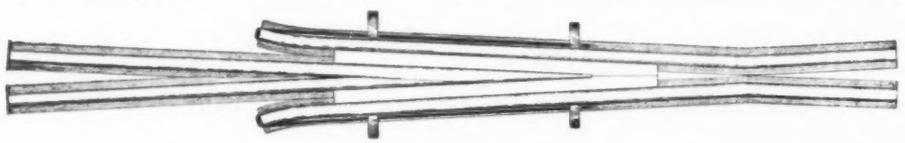
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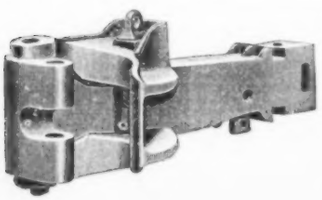
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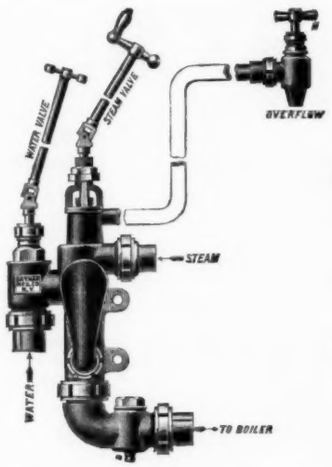
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HERE AND THERE.

A BIG CHUNK OF COAL.—The largest solid block of coal ever mined and moved in the Northwest, if not in the United States, was taken out of the Roslyn, Wash., mines in April and is now at the World's Fair. The block is 24 feet long, 5 feet 8 inches wide and 4 feet 8 inches high, and weighs in the vicinity of 41,000 pounds, or nearly twenty-one tons.

STEAMBOATING ABANDONED.—The railways which have been recently built in Northern Minnesota have killed the steamboating business on the upper Mississippi completely. The Duluth and Winnipeg was the "straw that broke the camel's back" in this instance, and the last steamboat to remain in service has been tied up on the bank to rot. The boats formerly ran between Aitkin and Grand Rapids.

A WONDERFUL SPRING.—There is a wonderful spring in the mountains adjacent to Lakeview, Lake County. The water is heavily impregnated with auriferous silica, a considerable quantity of which is held in solution, and is greatly sought after by the cowboys in that region after they have been to town. Beside this sparkling gift of nature the bichloride of gold cure fades into insignificance.

LEGALLY DEAD.—Moses Scott of Olympia has asked the Supreme Court of the United States to decide whether or not he was dead two years ago. The Supreme Court of this State says he was. Moses does not think so; but how can he have a right to any opinion on the point? A probate judge says he was dead, and surely that ought to settle it. There can be no resurrection after a probate judge has crossed a man off the list of the living.—*Seattle Telegraph.*

A TOUGH OLD INDIAN.—We have in our midst an ex-Odanah chief whose Indian name means Old-man-afraid-of-his-squaw. The old boy is one hundred and fourteen years age. He has used tobacco and snuff for 113 years. He drinks a quart of raw spirits every day when he can procure the stuff. He has followed this practice for ninety-nine years. For 109 years he has eaten three hearty meals per day consisting of fricasseed pup with dressing of cod liver oil. He has never worn a shirt nor a hat since his infancy. During the winter months he and one of his squaws cut three cords of wood per day. The squaw furnishes the muscular power, and Old Man, etc. encourages her with a strap when she wearies. He is a wonder and no mistake.—*Ashland (Wis.) Press.*

AN UNPRECEDENTED JOURNEY.—A remarkable journey was recently brought to a successful close by C. H. Hamilton of Chicago, twenty-two years of age, who arrived here last night from Alaska. He traveled 1,500 miles on snowshoes up the Yukon River in Olaka and over the divide to Chilkoot, in the dead of winter, being the first white man who has ever crossed these mountains at that season and lived. He is an employe of the Yukon River Transportation and Trading Company, and left Seattle last July on his initial trip of that company's expedition. At St. Michael's, near the mouth of the Yukon, the expedition built a steamboat and started up the river with 350 tons of provisions and supplies. After steaming two weeks up the river the ice stopped further progress. As it was necessary to get word to civilization that the boat was frozen in, Hamilton volunteered to make the journey of 1,800 miles, and started Nov. 26 with three sleds, twenty-one dogs and some Indian guides. He arrived at Chilkoot, eighty miles above Juneau, March 20.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*



"They are the closest of friends." "Yes, I never knew one of them to lend the other a cent."

Rain has no respect for the base-ball player. It falls upon the just and the unjust; and also upon the umpire.

As it costs $1,200 to shoot Herr Krupp's big gun just once, Chicago will continue to shoot craps.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

A San Francisco lawyer advises Chinamen to "just keep their shirts on." He should advise them to tuck 'em in, too.

Miss Upton—"Did you tell him that I was not at home?"

New Servant—"Yes, mum; but he didn't seem to believe me, bein' as I'm a stranger. Mebby you'd better go down and tell him yourself, mum.—*New York Weekly*.

"I felt so cheap during the ceremony," confessed the bride to her dearest friend." "Why, my dear?" asked the friend. "Because pa gave me away," replied the bride.

Patient—"What do you think of a warmer climate for me, doctor?"

Doctor—"My dear man, that's just what I'm trying to save you from."

"What? Got your patent leather boots blacked and bought them only ten days ago! Wasn't the leather any good?" "The leather is all right, but the patent seems to have expired."

His neck was like a spiral spring,
Though he wasn't a freak at all.
He had spent a day at the Fair
And had tried to see it all.

Carruthers—"I understand that Brobson first met his wife at a bargain counter."

Waite—"Indeed. Did he get a bargain?"

Corruthers—"The usual bargain."

Waterman—"Who is that dude who has come here to board?"

Wife—"He says he is a marine painter."

Waterman—"You'd better ask board in advance. All th' mariners about here paint their own boats."



A THREATENING SKYE.

She (on the porch)—"How beautiful the sky is to-night, George!"

He (uneasily)—"Well, I dunno, my darling; there is a motionless look about the tail as he stands growling there by the gate that is anything but beautiful to me."

"Did you ever meet that actress in private life?"

"No. Fact is, I never found any private life in America, at all.

Van Druse—"I want to get married."

Van Ardent—"Well, why not wait for leap year and advertise for bids?"

It is an intelligent horse that will arrange it so as to have the climax of his runaway occur in front of the Press Club.—*St. Paul News*.

The greatest trouble with the man who learns to play poker is that when he gets the game learned, he hasn't got anything to play it with.

"Do you think a porous plaster can cure him of stuttering?" Doctor: "Yes; when he comes to take it off he will swear right out without stopping."

"You ask for the hand of my daughter—what expectations have you?" "Why—none at all." "Neither has my daughter. Take her, sir, and be happy."

"Do they teach by the object system at your school?" asked Aunty. "Yes'm. They is always objecting to something or other," answered the little boy.

It is all very well to say the world owes us a living, but hustling twelve to fourteen hours a day to collect the debt is what makes life a burden.—*Prison Mirror*.

Mr. Wayback—"Do ye think it's any use sendin' our darter off to bordin' school agin? It's costin' a heap."

Mrs. Wayback—"Better send her another year, anyhow. Not more'n half her freckles is gone yit."

"We'll live on love," the lover said;
But the maiden fair did mutter:
"Suppose you try it then alone—
I must have bread and butter."

Brown—"Going to housekeeping, eh?"

Jones—"Yep."

"Awful expensive."

"Won't be for us. Going to use my wife's temper for a furnace, and her feet for a refrigerator."

Mrs. Spinkers—"Do you think my daughter will ever make a pianist?"

Prof. Speeler—"Vell, I nod know."

"Has she any of the qualities of a good musician?"

"Yah, vun."

"That's encouraging. What is that?"

"Her hair ees long."—*New York Weekly*.

"Hi! where did you get them trousers?" asked an Irishman of a man who happened to be passing with a pair of remarkably short trousers on.

"I got them where they grew," was the indignant reply.

"Then, be me conscience," said Paddy, "you've pulled them a year too soon!"

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DENVER ADDITION TO SOUTH BEND.

There are many prosperous and growing towns in Washington, but none whose future is more bright than the city of South Bend on Willapa Harbor, 16 miles from the Pacific Ocean and the ocean terminus of the Yakima & Pacific Coast Railroad.

The Addition is level, sloping gently back, and contains the best of both business and residence property in South Bend to-day. The west line of the addition is within three blocks of the new $75,000 Willapa Hotel.

Broadway is planked through the addition and other streets are soon to be improved in the same manner. Streets are 66 feet wide and Avenues 80 feet. Julian Ralph writes in the September (1892) number of Harpers' Monthly about South Bend, as follows:

"It is on the Pacific Coast, on the front of the Olympia Peninsula, only four hours from Portland by rail, and very much nearer to Asia, Nicaragua and Europe by water than the Sound ports. South Bend is a yearling, and when it rubs its juvenile eyes the map shows only the words Shoalwater Bay, but that, being a libelous name, is now changed to Willapa Harbor. It is 57 miles north of Astoria. It is the only generally useful harbor between the Columbia River and the Stralt of Juan De Fuca. South Bend is about to be connected with the Northern Pacific Railroad system. In the region tributary to it is an extraordinary wealth of timber and of agricultural lands. The founders of the town insist that if there is to be an export trade in Washington products, no other port in the State can compete with it, since vessels from Puget Sound ports must double the Olympia peninsula before they reach the point at which South Bend shipments begin. South Bend is several hundreds of miles nearer to San Francisco, Nicaragua and Cape Horn than any Puget Sound port."

FOR INFORMATION REGARDING THIS PROPERTY, APPLY TO

The Denver Land Co.,

Room 11 Mason Block, TACOMA, WASH.
P. O. Box 53.

Franklin Building, SOUTH BEND, WASH.
P. O. Box 126.

South Bend, Washington.

Pacific Ocean Terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

SOUTH BEND, the seaport of WILLAPA HARBOR, is the terminus of the Yakima and Pacific Coast Divislon of the Northern Pacific Railroad now under construction to be completed from Chehalis to SOUTH BEND this year.

The Geographical position, tributary resources and natural advantages of SOUTH BEND, and its direct rail communicatiin with the timber, coal and wheat of Washington insure its becoming one of the leading seaports of the Pacific Coast.

Government Charts show 29 feet of water over the bar of WILLAPA HARBOR at high tide, while the towing distance to the wharves at SOUTH BEND is only 16 miles against 140 on Puget Sound and 116 on the Columbia Rivér from Portland, Oregon.

The extraordinary growth and development of the Puget Sound cities will be duplicated at SOUTH BEND, and parties seeking new locations for manufacturing or business enterprises or a field for investment will do well to investigate further and communicate with

THOMAS COOPER, General Manager,
Northern Land and Development Company,
SOUTH BEND, WASHINGTON.

TACOMA,

The Western Terminus of the Northern Pacific and Union Pacific Railroads.

The Head of Navigation and the Wheat Shipping Point of Puget Sound.

The Wholesale and Manufacturing Center of the Pacific Northwest.

LOOK AT THE FOLLOWING EVIDENCES OF ITS GROWTH:

Population in 1880, 720 - - Population in 1891, 50,000

Assessed value of property, 1882	$75,000	Coal shipped, 1890 (tons)	236,617
Assessed value of property, 1888	$7,729,625	Coal shipped, 1891 (tons)	195,000
Assessed value of property, 1891	$32,495,619	Hop crop, 1881 (bales)	6,095
Real estate transfers, 1886	$667,355	Hop crop, 1890 (bales)	50,000
Real estate transfers, 1888	$8,855,598	Lumber exported, 1889 (feet)	107,320,280
Real estate transfers, 1890	$14,720,858	Lumber exported, 1890 (feet)	150.735,000
Real estate transfers, 1891	$10,663,297	Lumber exported, 1891 (feet)	139,920,000
Number of Banks, 1880	1	Wheat shipped, 1881 (bushels)	55,366
Number of Banks, 1891	23	Wheat shipped, 1890 (bushels)	3,509,096
Bank clearings, 1889	$25,000,000	Wheat shipped, 1881, September to December 15 (bushels)	2,367,226
Bank clearings, 1890	$43,420,448	Flour shipped, 1890 (barrels)	86,521
Bank clearings, 1891	$49,752,170	Flour shipped, 1891, September 1 to December 15 (barrels)	44,033
Wholesale business, 1889	$9,000,000	Number of public school buildings, 1890	9
Wholesale business, 1891	$16,250,000	Number of public school buildings, 1891	14
Money spent in building improvements, 1891	$1,718,173	Number of pupils in public schools, 1890	3,045
Money spent in street improvements, 1891	$75,000	Number of pupils in public schools, 1891	4,044
Money spent by Northern Pacific Railroad and The Tacoma Land Company in terminal improvements from 1887 to 1889	$1,506,000	Total miles of graded streets, 1891	98
		Total miles of streets paved or planked, 1891	7¼
Money spent by Northern Pacific Railroad and The Tacoma Land Companies for 1891	$1,400,000	Total miles of sewers built, 1891	41
		Total miles of street railway, 1891: electric, 27; cable, 2; suburban, 59	81
Coal shipped, 1882 (tons)	56,390	Total shingle output, 1891	425,000,000
Coal shipped, 1889 (tons)	180,940	Total smelter output, 1891	$856,133

TACOMA is the only natural outlet for the grain crop of the Inland Empire, as Eastern Washington and Oregon is aptly termed, and it costs from $1,500 to $4,000 less to ship a cargo of wheat from Tacoma than from any other port north of San Francisco.

TACOMA is now the Metropolis of Puget Sound, and is the best location for manufacturers for supplying both Inland and Water Trade. Full printed and written information will be furnished on application to

ISAAC W. ANDERSON,

N. P. R. R. Headquarters Building. General Manager of THE TACOMA LAND CO., **TACOMA, WASH.**

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IRRIGATED LANDS

For Fruit Growing, Hop Raising and General Farming in the "Sunnyside Country" of the

FERTILE AND BEAUTIFUL YAKIMA VALLEY

In the New State of Washington.



WASHINGTON STRAWBERRIES—SEVENTEEN TO THE QUART—COMPARED IN SIZE WITH A SILVER DOLLAR AND HALF DOLLAR.

The Northern Pacific, Yakima and Kittitas Irrigation Company has constructed a canal 60 miles long, with a depth of 8 feet, a width at the bottom of 30 feet and a width at the top of the banks of 62½ feet. It covers 80,000 acres of valley land nowhere surpassed for fertility on the globe. The water is taken from the Yakima River and the supply is abundant for all possible demands. The solidity of construction in the dam, headgates and canal insures a regular and permanent supply of water and is a safeguard against breaks and other accidents.

Climate.—The summer climate of the Yakima Valley resembles that of the California valleys, in the length of the growing season, the number of sunny days, the absence of late spring frosts and early fall frosts and the immunity from destructive storms. The winters are short and not at all severe.

Soil.—The soil of the valley is a rich brown loam and is of phenomenal depth. In places where a vertical surface has been exposed along the brink of the second bench, the depth is over eighty feet, and the soil at the bottom is just as rich as that near the top.

Productions.—This is beyond question the best fruit country in the United States for the raising of apples, grapes, pears, peaches, apricots, plums, prunes, berries and melons. It is also a better hop country than the famous hop valleys on Puget Sound, for the reason that the hop louse cannot endure the summer heats and dies before doing any damage to the vines. Old hop yards in the neighborhood of the town of North Yakima have given large and almost uniform yields for ten years. Alfalfa is the forage crop and yields five or six crops a year. Garden vegetables give enormous returns and are profitably grown for the markets of Tacoma and Seattle.

Special Advantages for Fruit Culture.—All the lands under the Sunnyside Canal lie within a few miles of stations on the main line of the Northern Pacific Railroad; refrigerator cars are furnished and fresh fruit can be put in good condition into the Sound cities on the west, and Spokane on the east, and can be sold in competition with California fruit in all the mining towns and camps of Montana and Idaho, in the towns of North Dakota, South Dakota and Manitoba and in the cities of St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Superior and Chicago. The Washington growers will monopolize these markets as soon as they can supply them, for the reason that Washington fruit is much better flavored than that of California.

Ten Acres Enough.—A settler who cultivates well, in fruit, vegetables and alfalfa, ten acres of this wonderfully productive Yakima Valley soil, will have all the land he can attend to and will make a good support for a family. With twenty acres he can make a net income of from two to three thousand dollars a year.

Farming by Irrigation.—Irrigation makes the farmer independent of the weather. He applies just the right amount of moisture to his land to secure the largest possible crop returns. No failure of crop is possible. The process is not laborious or expensive. The water is turned on the land two or three times during the growing season.

TERMS OF SALE:

The lands of the Northern Pacific, Yakima and Kittitas Irrigation Company are sold with a perpetual water right guaranteeing an ample supply of water for all crops. Prices range from $45 to $65 an acre. One-fifth of the purchase price is payable in cash on the signing of the contract. The second payment is not due for two years. Thus the settler has time to make his improvements and realize on his first crop before being called on for the next installment on his land. The remaining payments run through four years. One good crop will pay for the land. The company prefers to sell to actual settlers only in order that the country may be densely settled and brought under a high state of cultivation as rapidly as possible.

For maps, pamphlets and further particulars, address

NORTHERN PACIFIC, YAKIMA & KITTITAS IRRIGATION CO., Tacoma, Wash.

Or, WALTER N. GRANGER, General Manager, Zillah, Wash.

Northern Pacific

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FOR SALE.

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AGRICULTURAL AND GRAZING LANDS

For sale at LOW RATES and on EASY TERMS. These lands are located along the line of the States traversed by the Northern Pacific Railroad as follows:

In Minnesota,	- -	**Upwards of 1,250,000 Acres**
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In Montana,	- - - -	" **17,450,000 Acres**
In Northern Idaho,	- - -	" **1,750,000 Acres**
In Washington and Oregon,	- -	" **9,375,000 Acres**

AGGREGATING OVER

36,600,000 Acres.

These lands are for sale at the LOWEST PRICES ever offered by any railroad company, ranging chiefly

FROM $2.60 TO $10 PER ACRE

For the best Wheat Lands, the best diversified Farming Lands, and the best Grazing Lands now open for settlement. In addition to the millions of acres of low priced lands for sale by the Northern Pacific R. R. Co., on easy terms, there is still a large amount of Government land lying in alternate sections with the railroad lands, open for entry, free, to settlers, under the Homestead and other Land Laws.

TERMS OF SALE OF NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R. LANDS:

Agricultural land of the company east of the Missouri River, in Minnesota and North Dakota, are sold chiefly at from $4 to $8 per acre. Grazing lands at from $3 to $4 per acre, and the preferred stock of the company will be received at par in payment. When lands are purchased on *five years' time, one-sixth* is required at time of purchase, and the *balance in five equal annual payments, with interest at 7 per cent.*

The price of agricultural lands in North Dakota, west of the Missouri River, ranges chiefly from $3 to $5 per acre, and grazing lands from $1.25 to $2.50 per acre. In Montana the price ranges chiefly from $3 to $5 per acre for agricultural land, and from $1.25 to $2.50 per acre for grazing lands. If purchased *on five years' time*, one-sixth cash and the balance in five equal annual cash payments, with interest at 7 per cent per annum.

The price of agricultural lands in Washington and Oregon ranges chiefly from $2.60 to $10 per acre. If purchased *on five years' time*, one-fifth cash. At end of first year the interest only on the unpaid amount. One-fifth of principal and interest due at end of each next four years. Interest at 7 per cent per annum.

For prices of lands and town lots in Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana, Eastern Land District of the Northern Pacific Railroad, apply to WM. WAUGH, Gen'l Land Ag't, St. Paul, Minn.

For prices of lands and town lots in Washington, Idaho and Oregon, Western Land District of the Northern Pacific Railroad, apply to PAUL SCHULZE, Gen'l Land Ag't, Tacoma, Wash.

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DO THIS! Send for the following named illustrated publications, containing sectional land maps, and describing the finest large bodies of fertile AGRICULTURAL AND GRAZING LANDS now open for settlement in the United States.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company mail free to all applicants the following **Illustrated Publications, containing valuable maps, and describing Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. They** describe the country, soil, climate and productions; the agricultural and grazing areas, the mineral districts and timbered sections; the cities and towns; the free Government lands; the low-priced railroad lands for sale, and the natural advantages which the Northern Pacific country offers to settlers. The publications contain a synopsis of the United States land laws, the terms of sale of railroad lands, rates of fare for settlers, and freight rates for household goods and emigrant movables. The publications referred to are as follows:

A **SECTIONAL LAND MAP OF NORTH DAKOTA,** showing the Government lands open to settlers, and those taken up, and the railroad lands for sale and those sold in the district covered by the map. It contains descriptive matter concerning the country, soil, climate and productions, and the large areas of unsurpassed agricultural and pastoral lands adapted to diversified farming in connection with stock raising.

A **SECTIONAL LAND MAP OF EASTERN WASHINGTON AND NORTHERN IDAHO,** showing the unoccupied and occupied Government lands, the sold and unsold railroad lands, with descriptive matter relating to this portion of the Northern Pacific country. This region contains large areas of fine agricultural lands and grazing ranges, rich mineral districts and valuable bodies of timber.

A **SECTIONAL LAND MAP OF WESTERN AND CENTRAL WASHINGTON,** showing the unoccupied and occupied Government lands, the sold and unsold railroad lands, in Central and Western Washington, including the Puget Sound section, with descriptive matter concerning the extensive timber regions, mineral districts, and the agricultural and grazing lands.

A **MONTANA MAP,** showing the Land Grant of the Northern Pacific R. R. Co., and the Government surveys in the districts covered by the map, with descriptions of the country, its grazing ranges, mineral districts, forests, and agricultural sections.

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☞ When writing for publications, include the names and addresses of acquaintances, and publications will be sen to them also.

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